THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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NEVER AGAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BURR THORNBURY.

The clouds by-and-by will break and fly;
We shall see the grass where the snow-flakes lie,
And the hillsides wave with grain;
But the loving face at the old home door,
And thy fairy form on the old home floor,
Never again—never again.

The buds will pout and the blossoms come out;
We shall hear the happy birds singing about,
And the patter of summer rain;
But thy gentle footsteps coming near,
And the sweet, sweet voice we used to hear,
Never again—never again.

We shall feel the glow that the noon-skies throw,
And the tenderer light that calms us so
As the tranquil sunsets wane;
But the hand whose touch was always soft,
And the lips whose kiss was felt so oft,
Never again—never again.

O'er us and 'neath the summer will smile;
And we may too for a little while;
If only to hide our pain;
But through it all we will think of thee,
And the world will be as it used to be,
Never again—never again.

THE SWAMP OUTLAWS;

OR,

A SECRET OF TWENTY YEARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PURSUIT.

The excitement the next day was something fearful. The news spread with lightning speed, and everywhere created indignation at the unexampled outrage committed, and a fierce determination to take no rest until ample justice had been meted to the robbers. The country people, one by one, as the story reached their ears, flocked eagerly to the village, anxious to hear in fuller detail the history of the abduction. And every one came armed, not knowing but that he might be needed to take part in some immediate expedition.

Nellie Brown was a favorite wherever known—and those to whom her name was strange, knew that, should such an outrage be allowed to pass unpunished, they had no assurance but that their own wives and daughters might next become the prey of these villains.

The Budds had committed many murders during their occupancy of the swamp; but not one of these had aroused the intense excitement that was produced by this bold abduction.

The sun had not long risen, ere the village was thronged with people, each armed, and vowing vengeance on the outlaws; and hour by hour, as the day passed on, and the news spread, the crowd increased.

Mr. Howard failed to hear of the event until long after this throng had begun to assemble. He had walked out after an early breakfast, and did not return to the inn until towards ten o'clock.

The sudden account of the abduction given him by Bradley, who had heard of it during his absence, shocked him terribly. For many minutes he sat perfectly overwhelmed with thought of the possible consequences of this outrage.

In the happy self-sufficiency of his mind he had been so utterly unprepared for misfortune, and his active imagination pictured in such vivid colors a thousand horrible results, all grouped round the fearful central picture of the lady of his love in the hands of a crew of half-savage outlaws, that for a time he was sickened with the revulsion of feeling, and incapable of motion or speech.

Thought of their object in this bold action occupied his mind after the first few moments, in which his judgment had remained the slave of his feelings—and a second consideration called up to his mind the form of John Middleton as the moving agent of the abduction.

This idea greatly relieved him. Middleton was a man with schemes and objects; not one actuated by the untamed instincts of his savage companions. What force he brought to bear would be upon her mind, not upon her person. Possibly his scheme might be to force her into a marriage. He might argue to himself that this would enable him to continue in possession of the property, which otherwise was in immediate danger of slipping from his grasp.

The more Howard debated this idea in his mind, the more probable did it appear to him, and the more did buoyancy of mind replace his late depression.

The game was far from being lost to him. There was a pressure to be brought upon Nellie's inclinations, possibly upon her fears. He had sufficient confidence in her love for him, and in her natural powers of resistance, to feel sure that this would gain him at least several days in which to operate; and what might not be done in several days.

True, Miss Price had seen no one besides the outlaws; but that counted for nothing in his mind. They would not have acted as they had done without a sufficient object; and he could conceive of but one object; namely, to earn the money of their employer, Middleton.

And now thought began again to give way to feeling, a burning thirst for vengeance upon his enemy.

None of the desperate attempts upon his own life had roused within him such a feeling as now took possession of his whole nature. He was a man capable of resistance, capable of revenge. This was a girl, weak, helpless, incapable of self-defence, and—he loved her. He vowed in his own mind a fierce vow of revenge upon his enemy, springing to his feet with such violent energy that Bradley, for the moment, fancied that he had gone mad.

NELLIE BROWN IN THE HANDS OF THE OUTLAWS.

The landlord had, with surprise, beheld his strange immobility under such terrible tidings. Unable to follow the rapid flow of thoughts which ran like a torrent through his mind, each new thought printing its passing traces on his face, his sudden burst of energy equally surprised Bradley, who fell back in alarm.

"My horse! See that he is ready, without a moment's delay. Fly, man! There are no moments to spare!"

Bradley, thus adjured, hastened, with unusual speed for him, to obey the orders of his guest, who, meanwhile, took the opportunity to arm himself with pistol and rifle.

He was too full now of the exaltation of action to dream of failure, and not for a moment did a thought of the difficulty of the enterprise cross his mind, or of the great danger that the den of the outlaws might be hidden too securely for discovery. All thought of minor considerations was for the time swallowed up in the burning thirst for revenge, and the need of assistance or apprehension of failure were yet distant from his thoughts.

Throwing himself fiercely on his horse, he rode down the forest highway at a pace that simply expressed the fiery vehemence of his feelings.

As the rapid feet of the steed devoured the distance, the recollection of his first ride through this forest crossed his mind, coupled with the thought that he was at last on the trail of his foe, and would amply repay him for the many murderous but futile assaults to which he had been subjected. He swept fiercely down the hill and across the brook where once he had met such deadly opposition. Now not a shadow crossed his path. The warm light of the sun lay, like a promise of success, in the lap of the ravine, sparkling on the waters, as they ran, from gloom to gloom, across the road.

In a minute or two more he burst, like a thunderbolt, into the assembly of the villagers, and drew up his panting and perspiring horse with a force that nearly threw him back on his haunches.

They gathered around him eagerly as he thus rushed like a Centaur into their midst. The fact of his betrothal to Miss Brown had leaked out during the morning conference, and had rapidly spread till all awaited, with anxious curiosity, his arrival.

"Friends!" he cried, with a strong and rapid intonation, "an outrage has been committed, which it is the duty and the interest of every man here to revenge. Your presence here, armed, assures me that it is also your inclination. What safety is there for a man of you all, what security for a household in your county, if such an outrage pass unrevenged? Shall these savages triumph over us while we have hearts to feel and hands to act? Let us burst on the infamous foe with the force of the avalanche! Shall the forest or the swamp hide him from our vengeance? Think of it, as rare and noble a woman as your State contains, and the earnest friend of every man here, is in the hands of a crew of dastardly, skulking ruffians! Let them see that they have raised a storm now that will not be easily laid; that their long career of robbery and murder has reached its end; that justice and the right shall at length triumph. There is one man who is directing these cowardly proceedings, who has threatened my life more than once, and has now desolated yonder household. On him I have sworn revenge. I am for the swamp, without an instant's delay. Let all who are mounted follow me! The rest of you rouse the country. Surround the stronghold of these robbers with a cordon of brave and resolute men. I will pierce their swamp from end to end, from side to side, with all who dare follow me. Bring axes and rifles, we must cut our way, burn our way, fight our way, and desist not a moment, day nor night, till we have unearthed this nest of vipers, and revenged the long series of outrages to which we have all been subjected."

This fiery and vigorous oration, which had burst without premeditation from his lips, produced an extraordinary effect. Scarce a man present but had been in one way or another a victim of the Budd gang. Many had mourned brothers, sons or relatives, slain by them; and the passion of the speaker roused in every mind an irrepressible desire for revenge. Before he had finished speaking a dozen mounted men were pressing around him, burning to be led to the stronghold of the robbers. He had no sooner ended than he gave his horse the rein, and dashed off, followed by this small band of mounted men, amid the shouts and cries of those who remained, excited to frenzy by his strong appeal.

They were all well mounted. The day, though it was now midsummer, was tempered by a pleasant breeze from the north, and with compressed lips and set brows they rode after their impassioned leader, as earnestly as if but to reach the borders of the swamp was to assure them of success.

Foremost among the troop rode Solomon and Dr. Hamilton, each well mounted, and pressing to the side of Howard as he rode on with a nervous energy that soon distanced those of his troop less fortunate in the speed of their horses.

For several miles this headlong race continued without rein being drawn or word spoken, the iron hoofs of the horses spurning the ground, and their nostrils dilated with a spirit equal to that animating their riders, while the white foam that flecked their sides, and their laboring breath, showed that this racing pace could not be much longer sustained.

The resolute energy of their leader had, so far, kept his followers without a thought of opposing his will, their own minds borne down by the magnetic force of a determined spirit. But Solomon now pressed forward, and seizing Howard's rein, gently but resolutely forced his horse into a slower pace.

"Excuse me, Mr. Howard," he said respectfully, "but you will kill your horse if you keep up at this speed. We aren't far now from the edge of the swamp, but we won't get there with these animals if we don't give them a chance to breathe."

Howard's mind had been so preoccupied with the one idea of his object, that he had been lost to all minor considerations. Solomon's voice broke the stress of feeling that was pressing him blindly onward. He drew rein and checked his horse almost to a walk, saying:

"You are right, my friend. I have been thinking only of the end, not of the means. It is well that we should form some plan of operations, though I confess I can see nothing beyond the simple plan of entering the swamp, and trusting to fortune and our own wits for the result."

"It is the best thing we can do," said the Doctor. "It is idle to form plans while utterly ignorant of what we have to encounter. Our only plan will be to force our way onward with the chance of meeting some clue to their hiding place."

"I think it's likely the dog 'll be a help to us," said the constable, who formed one of the party, and now pressed forward, a huge, long-bodied bloodhound running with protruded tongue by his side.

"You've got your dog, eh?" said Solomon. "I reckon myself it's likely he'll be a help, for he was always a good trailer."

"Let me git him on the scent of one of them vagabonds once, an' ef the water ain't deep enough to drown their trail, I'll bet the dog here will bring him to, though it's a ten mile run."

A half hour more, at a moderate pace, compared with the headlong rapidity of their first course, brought them to the edge of the swamp, at the same spot at which entrance had been made on the former occasions. They had made for this spot, as one affording them ready entrance by aid of the creek, and from the fact that they had some acquaintance with the interior of the swamp extending from this locality.

They found, on inquiry, that the negroes employed at the distillery had two boats, the one they had employed on a previous occasion, and another, quite sufficient to take the whole party into the swamp.

Hiring these boats, and also buying some provisions of the negroes, for it was very uncertain when they would again touch solid land, they left their horses in charge of their black allies, and embarked, with their arms, in the boats.

A few moments' row took them out of sight of solid land and into the thickly wooded regions of the swamp. The oars were resolutely plied and the boats sped along, steered by Solomon and Howard, till they shot across the clear pond passed on their former visit, and came to rest beside the small island of dry land where they had landed before.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SWAMP INVADED.

Dividing their band into two parties of six each, led respectively by Solomon and Howard, they made as thorough a search of that portion of the swamp as was possible, considering the numerous difficulties they had to contend with. They were all hardy and resolute men, and allowed no slight difficulty to turn them back. Here and there they were forced to wade for many feet through pools in which the water rose to their knees. Again the thicket became so dense and intricate with thorns and climbing vines, that only an energetic employment of the axes, which several of the men had brought, enabled them to force their way through.

In places, the cordon of thorny underbrush and twisted and tangled vines rose in utterly impassable walls, forcing them to turn back and seek some less inhospitable passage.

Hour after hour passed and no trace of a human being appeared to either party. The dog was in vain tried in every more open passage. Occasionally he would take up a scent for a few moments, but to find it soon lost in the water that so often lay deep upon their path.

Of other animal life there was abundance. Had their object been "possum" or "coon," they could have carried out these animals by the bushel. Game birds in great quantities rose before them, and as night approached the whole swamp resounded with the voices of innumerable feathered songsters. Another song, less grateful to their ears, grew more deep and persistent with the approach of night, the chant of the blood-thirsty musquito, which in untold myriads rose before them as day declined, and forced them to turn back in search of their boats much sooner than they would otherwise have done.

Solomon led a portion of the party to the dry space on which he had discovered the women on his previous visit, but only to find it abandoned. The huts remained, and contained evidences of recent occupation, but their tenants were gone. He searched the whole neighborhood diligently for a considerable distance around, but in vain, the swamp extended in every direction as tenantless as if it had never known human inhabitant.

As the day passed on the wind died away, the heat becoming almost insupportable. Inured to hardship as the most of them were, by the time they reached the boats on their return several of the party were ready to succumb to fatigue and the effect of the heat.

It was now near sundown, and though it was proposed that they should remain for the night on the dry hillock on which they then were, the assaults of the mosquitoes, and the probability that they might have a visit from their dangerous neighbors, the Budds, during the night, at length determined them to embark, and pass the night at the point where their horses had been left. The failure of their search had dispirited none, unless it might be Howard, who kept so sad and gloomy a silence that it was impossible to tell what thoughts might be passing in his mind.

"Our time's not been lost, that's some comfort," said Solomon. "We've found out where they aint. To-morrow we'll take up new ground, and see if we can't find where they are. An' I promise you, lads, if the shadow of a Budd gets in the line of my rifle barrel I'll put a bullet through it."

"I will prefer to reserve my bullets for something substantial," replied the Doctor.

"Can't afford to waste lead on shadows, that's a fact," said the constable, stroking the head of his dog. "Only let Lion here get his eye on sich a shadow to-morrow an' I bet you my head he'll soon find you the substance."

On leaving the swamp they found a considerable party in wait to receive them. Horses and vehicles of very various description were collected around the negro huts, and some twenty-five or thirty persons awaited eagerly their approach and the report of their progress.

The story of the abduction had, during the day, spread over the whole county, exciting universal indignation, and as it was given out that a united effort would be made to explore the fastness of the outlaws, armed men were gathering from all quarters on the borders of the swamp, anxious to take part in the designed raid.

It was predicted that by the next morning several hundred men would be collected at various points round the swamp, ready to take part in the expedition.

A council was at once held as to the proper course of proceeding on the next day, and it was finally considered advisable that the people should enter the swamp in the morning, divided into squads of six or eight men each, and, to avoid the danger of any of them becoming separated from their parties, and being mistaken for members of the Budd gang by other squads, it was decided that each person should wear conspicuously displayed, a tuft of blue ribbon, so that any man encountered without this distinguishing mark, might safely be taken for an outlaw, and dealt with accordingly.

Two or three men were at once despatched on horseback to the different points at which parties were known to have assembled, to report this decision and prepare for the next day's work.

The sun rose brightly the next morning, bringing with it a grateful breeze that served to relieve apprehensions which had been entertained that the day would prove excessively warm. The ground was now mapped out, squads being appointed to enter the swamp on foot, on the two sides of the creek, and to beat up thoroughly the ground in that vicinity, while the remainder of the party took to the boats as before.

They penetrated deeper on this than on the previous day, one boat stopping at the spot where the hut containing the wounded man had been discovered at the time of their first visit.

The hut still remained, but untenanted. Still, the quickness with which the outlaws had been reinforced on that occasion, gave Solomon hopes that their stronghold might be near at hand, and he led his party inward from this point, examining the thicket foot by foot as they proceeded.

Howard, with the party occupying the other boat, rowed on down the creek, which rapidly narrowed as they proceeded. The thicket which closed with almost impervious walls each bank of the watery avenue, grew denser with every yard of their progress, till at length they found themselves rowing round a wide curve in the creek, bounded on one side by a wood of huge cypresses, thickly intermingled with trees of lesser growth, the interstices being closely occupied with a dense mass of tangled and thorny underbrush, out of which rose huge trunks of vines, that ran to the summits of the loftiest trees, and hung again till their tendrils touched the water.

"Nobody hiding thar, anyhow," said the constable, with a laugh. "Seems to me that it 'd puzzle a weasel to git in thar without scratching the hide off his back. Quiet, Lion! what ails you, boy?" as the dog moved uneasily under his hand, with a low growl. The animal raised his great head, sniffed the air for a moment, then let it fall again on his extended paws, but in an attitude of attention.

"Shouldn't wonder if there were bar meat somewhar within scent," said his master. "Lion's above scenting coon or possum, or any sich small game."

Some distance beyond this thicket the swamp became more open, and the party landed, fastening their boat under the bushes at one of the many hummocks which rose like islands in the swamp.

It is not our purpose to follow any party through the course of this day's explorations. More than twenty squads, of six to eight men each, were diligently forcing their way through the morass, exploring every point in which it appeared to them possible that a camp of the enemy might be hidden. That there was such a hiding place, possibly several such, was evident; and it appeared as if the more open spots in which huts were found were as lures to draw danger away from the concealed strongholds of the foe. But though the most of the accessible portion of the swamp was explored that day, not the most remote trace of its outlawed inhabitants appeared, and towards nightfall the searchers began to withdraw, wet, weakened from excessive perspiration, and greatly dispirited. It was unfortunate for their purpose that the season of the year was one in which the moisture was most excessive. Had it been winter their chances would have been much greater.

Only one event of importance had occurred during the whole day. Towards the middle of the afternoon, as Solomon's party was toilsomely forcing its way through the thick bushes, one of them observed a man, partly hidden by a cypress trunk, looking at them from a distance of about fifty yards.

He was dressed more rudely than any of them, and stood erect, leaning on the barrel of a long rifle, while a large blue cockade conspicuously appeared on the front of his slouch hat.

"Hallo? stranger," cried the man who saw him, "where's your party?"

"Reckon I've lost them. Don't know whar they've got."

"Join us, then."

"Reckon not," he replied, shouldering his rifle, and disappearing behind the bushes.

Solomon's quick ear caught a familiars sound in his tone, and he instantly turned, too late to see the figure of the man, and dashed at full speed towards where he had stood.

"Jim Budd! or my ears ain't worth shucks! Follow me, lads, there's game afoot!"

The whole party, at this information, dashed after him with equal rapidity. Turning the cypress behind which the man had stood, he caught a glimpse of him disappearing behind a clump of low bushes about seventy yards distance, and recognized him at a glance.

With the quickness of a practiced hunter the rifle was at his eye on the instant, and a bullet sent on the trail of the fugitive. Its sole effect was to elicit a scornful laugh from the flying outlaw.

They ran rapidly to the spot of his disappearance, only to discover that he had utterly vanished. The ground before them was thickly grown with bushes, though readily passable—but, though they traversed it in various direction, searching every hiding place, and looking keenly ahead, no trace of the fugitive could be discovered.

"Ef we only had a dog worth a cent now," growled Solomon. "We're well nigh the only party that hasn't got a hound; an' I s'pose we're the only party that's got use for one. Jest to think of the keen devils taking our badge. They've seen us, that's sure, and mounted the blue. We'll have to throw it off to-morrow, and shoot any man that wears blue."

"To-morrow?" repeated one of his men.

"Yes, and a dozen to-morrows. We can't give it up till we rout out this nest of rattlesnakes. Keep back, men, don't spile the scent. We've got to find Howard's party, and put Lion on the trail of Jim Budd. Ef the dog don't find him, he'll bring us nearer their headquarters."

The tree by which they stood rose loftily above the other trees around it, forming a landmark which might be seen for a considerable distance.

Selecting this as their guide to aid them in returning they dispersed in various directions, in search of Howard's party; being strictly charged by Solomon to keep a keen lookout for Budd, and to treat him to a bullet if they should see him.

After an hour's search they returned, none of them having been successful. It was now growing late, and it was necessary that they should make some preparation for the night. It was Solomon's advice that they should return to their boat, and row up the creek in search of the landing place of the other party. If found they were to pass the night upon the hummock, whose hut offered some shelter, and put the dog upon the scent in the morning.

This was accordingly done. They had no trouble in finding Howard's party, which they discovered gathered upon the island at which it had landed, lamenting the loss of their boat, which had disappeared during the day.

"The Budds is alive, and all around us," said Solomon. "But that's jest the thing for us. Ef they kept close it 'd be bad, but ef they're going to venture out, they'll mebbe find that they've ventured a bit too far."

With some crowding the whole party managed to get into the boat, and in a short time were landed on the hummock. They had brought a good supply of provisions with them, besides which several of them were provided with game which they had shot during the day.

A hearty supper was soon discussed, cooking of the most primitive sort being resorted to. It proved no hardship to sleep out in that warm midsummer weather, and all arose the next morning refreshed, and prepared for another day's raid.

They did not know but that the Budds had been already captured or slain by some other party, but had little hopes of this, from the evidences they had had of their shrewdness and of their presence in that vicinity. It was, therefore, deemed inadvisable to lose time in seeking for a report of progress, and it was decided to proceed at once to see if the hound would take up the scent of the fugitive outlaw of the previous day.

They had no difficulty in finding the spot, and as the ground here was rather dry, Lyon's keen nose at once took up the trail, and he dashed forward with a speed that gave them all assurance of success.

He had not led them far, however, before they entered a moist region, in which the dog proceeded with great indecision, and finally stopped, smelling the ground a minute, and then placing himself at his master's heels, as if he had made up his mind to give up the search.

From where they stood the course of the creek could be faintly seen, winding through the thicket. At some distance in advance appeared the peculiarly dense grove round which Howard's boat had passed the day before.

As they stood talking over the situation, and trying to decide what best to do next, Solomon's alert eyes detected a movement in a clump of bushes some short distance ahead. Keenly regarding the spot, he found the disturbance of the leaves was approaching them.

Partly raising his rifle, he waited in anxious suspense, but the next instant burst into a hearty laugh, as a well known small ebony face broke upon his vision.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE BUDDS' RETREAT.

But we must return to the outlaws and their prisoners. Driving at the full speed of their horses they reached the border of the swamp by the time that Solomon had given the alarm at the village. The horses and carriage had been borrowed for the occasion, according to their peculiar ideas of borrowing, and were now turned adrift, with a cut on the flank of each horse that sent him off rapidly homeward.

Carrying their prisoners, still bundled up in the huge blankets that had been thrown over them, they entered the swamp, crossing it so as to reach the creek at a point at some distance from the negro huts. They had concealed two boats here, perhaps so that their point of embarkation might not be known. One of these was now drawn out from its sheltering bushes. Their prisoners were carefully placed within, the blankets being withdrawn from their heads so that they might breathe with more freedom; and the two outlaws, taking the oars, drove the boat rapidly over the liquid avenue to the heart of the swamp.

Overwhelmed as Miss Brown was with the extent of her misfortune, and in terrible anxiety as to the object of her abduction, yet the strange scene in which she now found herself, the grand luxuriance of vegetation bounding on both sides the narrow watery pathway over which they rapidly glided, aroused an interest in her mind which served somewhat to distract her thoughts, and to aid the natural buoyancy of her temperament in throwing off this depression. Her eyes wandered with growing wonder and admiration over this wilderness of vegetation, to which the gathering gloom of evening lent a grandeur and an awe-inspiring character which it did not possess by day.

The evening chant of unnumbered birds aided in restoring her mind to its natural tone; and she unexpectedly found herself looking forward to the solution of the mystery which surrounded her, with a confidence in her own powers which for a time had deserted her.

Night in these shadowy precincts came early. It was quite dark when they drew their boat into what seemed a small affluent of the main stream, which was too shallow for the use of oars, and through which they progressed by one of the crew leaping into the water and drawing the boat by hand through the water.

At their left arose a dense wall of trees, which, in the gloom, appeared to lift a hundred feet into the air without an opening in its close border. To the right the wood was more open, and she supposed that their course would lead in this direction. Instead of this, their pilot turned and dragged the boat up to what had appeared the most impassible part of the wall. Pushing aside with his hand the thick clustering leaves which seemed to close up the way, a small opening between the stems of the bushes was revealed. Into this he drew the boat, the bushes springing back and quite covering their track. It was here utterly dark. Nellie felt the boat being drawn through several feet of similar aquatic growth, over which depended vines and the leafy branches of the bushes which bordered the narrow inlet. She avoided these unseen enemies by stooping, at the hoarse command of her rough guard.

They had entered the bushes at a sharp angle from the stream, and the inlet changed its direction several times before they reached its termination. In a few minutes they stopped, and her guard, supporting her with his arm, desired her to step ashore. She obeyed, her feet resting on dry, solid land. She now saw the faint glimmer of a light in advance. Pushing through the dense bushes that opposed their progress, by a narrow winding path, the light suddenly blazed out brightly, and she found herself in a scene of the most unexpected and interesting character.

It was a space of level soil, of about five acres extent, nearly round, and completely surrounded by the dense forest wall which had attracted her attention before entering.

Several trees shaded the plateau, but it was generally cleared, a number of stumps showing where the axe had been at work. It appeared entirely cultivated, in corn, sweet potatoes, and other vegetables, except in the centre, where stood several huts. In the midst of these blazed a bright fire, from which came the light she had before seen. The illumination of this fire, shining brightly over the field, enabled her to observe the details mentioned.

Two women were busily employed over the fire, in the process of cooking, while a third was engaged at a rustic table which stood close by.

These persons looked up curiously from their occupation as the prisoner, so utterly different from them in nature and aspect, was brought within the circle of light. They either expected her or were incapable of surprise, and after a momentary glance resumed their labors; one of them remarking in hoarse tones,

"So yer bird's caged, Jim?"

"Yes. Hurry up supper, Moll; we're hungry as wild cats. The rest will be back in an hour, but we're not on the wait."

As he spoke he removed the handkerchief which yet remained tied round Nellie's mouth. She made no use of the gift of speech thus accorded her, waiting for a more opportune time to demand the cause of her abduction and the price of her liberty.

Pete, however, who was released at the same time, felt that his eloquence had been too long restrained, and broke out in garrulous demands as to what all this business meant, which were only silenced by one of the Budds giving him a sharp tap on the cheek, and telling him, with an oath, to "stop his blasted rattler, or he'd bust his black head for him."

Neither of them had been blindfolded in their progress, their captors apparently being satisfied that the gloom of nightfall would prevent their discovering the clue to this well hidden retreat.

Nellie was led to the most respectable-looking of the huts. It had but one apartment, but this was of a fair size, its only furniture being a couple of rough seats, a small table, and a rude bed in one corner, which was decently spread. It had probably been prepared in expectation of her arrival.

The hut was raised on posts several feet from the ground, and had no openings, except the door and two or three small apertures for the admission of air.

Nellie took the seat proffered her, and leaned her head on the table, with a heartsickness that quite overcame all her regained composure. No tears escaped her eyes. She suffered for the moment an anguish too strong for tears.

One of the women entered; and, with considerable kindness of tone, offered her a share of their supper. But Nellie could not eat. She rose and threw herself on the bed as the woman left the hut, shutting and locking the door behind her.

The sense of desolateness came on her more strongly than ever at the sound of the lock, and she burst into tears, weeping with a vehemence in strange contrast with her former impassiveness.

Her grief gradually subsided into sobs, and she at length fell asleep, her nervous paroxysm conquered by the weariness resulting from the day's adventures.

The sun was brightly shining when she awoke the next morning, penetrating her hut like a promise of relief, and aiding the night's sleep in enabling her to throw off her nervous depression. The hut was very close. Advancing to the door she found it to open at a touch, and she drank gratefully the fresh breath of air that entered.

One of the women, observing her, brought water in a tin basin for her toilet, and after a short time brought her some breakfast, which Nellie no longer refused to eat.

She questioned the woman in regard to the cause of her abduction, but she either would not, or could not, give her the desired information.

"Then send me the leader of your men," Nellie said. "I must have an explanation of this matter at once."

The woman withdrew, and the prisoner awaited with much anxiety the approach of the man whom she had desired to have sent. She waited for some time in vain, her anxiety and impatience increasing. At length a man appeared at the entrance of the hut, and stepped inside, shutting the door behind him.

She looked up, and suddenly cried out with irrepressible surprise:

"John Middleton!"

"The same, and glad to see you looking so well this morning."

"Can it be possible that you—you—"

"That I had you carried off? Did you not guess it at once? That speaks poorly for your shrewdness."

"I did not for a moment imagine you capable of such infamy."

"Whether it is infamy or not depends entirely on how people view it. I had an object in having you removed hither. Beyond that no injury has been or will be done to you."

"And is my personal liberty to be the sport of your *object?* You have already done me an irreparable wrong. I can only hope that you do not intend to add to it by detaining me longer in this den of murderers!"

"You put the case too strongly, Miss Brown. True these people are debased; but we must all descend to use base means where better do not present themselves. As I have said I do not perceive that I have wronged you. Nor do I imagine that you will consider so in the end. I must be satisfied to remain in a false position for the present, yet am sure that you will finally exculpate me."

"What is your *object?*" she asked, wondering to what this preamble would lead.

"This place is unfortunately situated for our conversation," he replied. "With the door closed it is unpleasant in this hot sun. With it opened all we say will be heard by yonder women. Will you do me the favor to take a few steps outside? There are seats, as you can see, under the shadow of the oak there, where our conversation will be more private and the air more agreeable."

She was at first strongly inclined to object, but was too desirous of learning his plans to miss the opportunity of hearing the offered explanation. She rose and walked proudly to the spot mentioned, taking one of several rustic seats, built under the shadows of a broad-limbed oak.

Pete, whom nothing could depress, and who had been allowed the liberty of the clearing, was busily engaged at his usual gambols, to the enjoyment of three or four men, who lay flat on the grass, watching him. The women were busy with their domestic labors.

"And now, sir," said Nellie, with a scorn which she made no effort to disguise, "as you have brought me so far, and by so rude a conveyance, for the purpose of informing me that you have an *object*, perhaps you will enlighten me as to the nature of that object?"

Middleton was not pleased with the tone of this remark. It augured ilfy for his hopes of bending her to his will. But no evidence of his thoughts was allowed to appear in his face. He replied:

"You will remember a conversation which we held together a short time since, in which I had the honor of requesting your hand in marriage?"

"And in which you did me the dishonor of offering me a hand stained with a dozen crimes."

"You are sarcastic, Miss Brown, and are probably imagining that I had an interested object in view in making this request. You are right, I had an interest, that of the lover in the object of his affection. Do not wrong me by supposing that I approached you with a simulated passion. I felt all, and more than I had words to express."

"More than you did express, I have no doubt. You felt that I was a child, and that you could win me with words."

"You wrong me, on my soul! I loved you then, I love you now. The offer I made you then I make you now, with tenfold the earnestness, with tenfold the desire to make you mine."

"I distrusted you then. I hate you now. You have my answer."

"But, Nellie—"

"A more respectful tone, sir, from your lips would please me better. I am Nellie to my friends only. I have given you no warrant for such familiarity."

A hot flash of anger shot across his face as she spoke these scornful words.

"You appear not to realize that you are in my power. That, were I all which you assume to consider me, this defiance might prove dangerous to you."

"I fear you not, John Middleton. I am incapable of fearing such a villain as you have proved yourself. Is it the act of a lover to carry off a lady by the aid of ruffianly confederates—to immure her in a den of thieves—and now to tell her that all this was done that he might pour his unwelcome declarations in her ear?"

"Yes. You know I dared not seek you at your home. I was determined you should be mine. The true lover lets no obstacle stand in his way to the goal of his lady's hand."

"You will have an obstacle in the lady's heart, which you will find harder to overcome, than the carrying away of her person!"

"Woman, you force me to be plain with you by your obstinacy. Know, then, that you are so utterly in my power, that all the force in the land could not relieve you. I have you here in a refuge so cunningly hidden—that though your friends search for weeks, they cannot find you. You shall never set foot outside these green walls except as my wife. The wealth which you imagine yours and are so anxious to enjoy, is mine; and shall never benefit you except as my wife. I am no one to promise where I do not intend to perform—nor to threaten where I will not execute. I have laid my view of the case before you in, I think, sufficiently plain language. I await your decision."

The listener knew well that he did not exaggerate his power, and his resolute tone assured her of the strength of his will. There was a flutter in her heart, though none in her voice, as she replied—

"I have no further answer to give."

"Do not mistake me. I will spend little time in passively waiting for you to change your mind. There are active means of bringing you to a speedy decision—and if you persist in your refusal, you will find that I can be unscrupulous in the employment of them. You are in my power, body and soul. I ask a last time for your answer,—yes or no."

"No!" she cried, in a tone that reached the men at the huts; rising from her seat with her face aflame with indignation. "A thousand times no! You have at last laid your dastardly soul bare, John Middleton. I despise and scorn you! Aye, and defy you to do your worst!"

CHAPTER XXX.

PETE ESCAPES.

Turning her back upon him with a disdain as pronounced as was her indignation, the insulted lady walked with the step of a queen towards her prison.

Middleton, as if conscious of his baseness, or awed by her energy, sat with his eyes on the ground, not attempting to follow her even with his glances. As she disappeared in her hut, closing the door after her, he rose and made his way to another of the buildings, in which he likewise shut himself.

There were none visible now but the women, the two men mentioned, and Pete. The latter, as if tired with his exertions, had thrown himself flat on the grass—and to all appearance, was fast asleep.

The day passed on without material change in this status of affairs till well towards noon. At this time several of the men returned. They had been out hunting, and brought with them a quantity of game.

Pete still lay, occasionally taking a roll on the grass by way of exercise, but keeping near enough to the parties to hear all they said.

"Hadn't that nigger better be locked up?" said one of the new comers. "He's a sharp-eyed little devil. Mebbe he'll see too much."

"What's for him to see?" replied one of the others; "I don't think that he'll get through the wall with our eyes on him. The black imp hasn't done nothing but roll and sleep all mornin'."

Pete was asleep now, to all appearance, all except one corner of his eye. Towards the middle of the afternoon two more men came in. They whistled before entering—their signal being responded to by a sharp whistle from within.

Pete, who had been favoring digestion by a few somersaults, and trying his skill at climbing every tree in the grounds, now curled himself up at the corner of one of the huts. No one observed how keenly his eyes watched the green circle of the thicket, nor the grin that overspread his face on seeing the men appear at a point in the bushes that looked in no sense different from any other portion of the circle.

He stretched himself on the grass, and rolled nearer to where the men were seated, talking and cleaning their rifles.

"Anything up, Jim?" asked the one who had spoken before.

"Nothing, except thar's about a dozen men in the swamp, taking a wade for fun, I s'pose."

"They'll not get much more, I reckon myself, 'cept it's a wetting. Who's thar?"

"Oh, the Burton crowd. Sol Muddle an' the rest."

"Hadn't we best gin' them a haze?"

"Best lie close. I heered some talk, and the swamp 'll be full to-morrow."

"Wall, ef they like it, let them go it," replied the other with a laugh, in which all joined.

Middleton had spent the greater part of the day in his hut. He had joined the outlaws at their dinner, though having but little to say, and had spent the time since wandering or sitting about the grounds whistling in a low tone to himself.

Nellie's door had not been opened, save while one of the women took her some dinner, which was brought back untouched.

As the afternoon wore on, the men stretched themselves here and there about the ground, and were, most of them, soon buried in sleep.

The door of Nellie's hut now opened, and she appeared, seated just within, pallid as if she had suffered intently, yet defiant in expression. The closed hut had become insupportable in the afternoon heat.

There was no one near the door except Pete, who lay close by coiled up on the grass, as if buried in slumber.

"Dat you, Missis Nellie?" she heard him say in low tones, though his face was turned from her.

She started, and then, aware of the need of caution, hid it by walking to the door of the cabin, as if to look out.

"Yes," she replied with like caution, not looking towards the boy.

"Be berry keerful," he continued. She could see that his eyes were roving keenly from form to form of the extended men. Middleton sat at some distance reading.

"Dey's in de swamp, on de hunt, Missis Nellie."

"Who?"

"Our friends, yourn an' mine; but I'm feered de show's poor."

"Oh, they must find us!"

"Dey won't den."

"What will we do? I dare not stay in that man's hands."

"Don't look at me, Missis."

"No! no!"

"Pete's tinking. Dey tink I'm a green nig and don't bodder dere heads 'bout me. Ef I git out dey'll find, mebbe, I'm not so green."

"Oh! is there any hope?"

"Not jest yit. But ef dey let me be a day or two, dey'll miss one head of live stock, shure. Ef I git out I'll bring somebody into dere moustrap in 'bout de time it takes a skeeter to bite."

"Pete, be very cautious."

"Golly, reckon I will. Dey tink Pete's a fool cause he walk on his head. Bet a cow, Missis, dey'll change dere notion 'afore soon."

"No more, Pete, they may hear."

"No. I'a watchin'. 'Souse me, Missis, but I heered something dat Simon said, an' mind I tell you, you better humbug him."

"Why? What do you mean?"

"He's jest a debil. Make him tink you'll mebbe gub in. Fool him till Pete git out, an' den we'll soon fix it."

"I cannot temporize with that man."

"I knows nothing 'bout de temper of de eyes. But jest you fool him, dat's all."

Without waiting for an answer, Pete rolled away from the front of the hut. A minute or two afterwards she saw him essaying to climb one of the highest trees on the ground. With some difficulty he succeeded. Lying prone on a thick branch he looked down on the siesta of the outlaws, which remained undisturbed. Resuming his efforts, she saw his slight form gliding foot by foot up the tree till in a very few minutes he appeared in the topmost branches, nearly hidden by the leaves, and gazing on all sides around.

There were some points in the summit of the environing wall of verdure which he could see through, but, as she rightly conjectured, could see little more than the tops of a sea of vegetation.

Much relieved in mind by the discovery of this unexpected auxiliary, she retired to her seat within, full of thought on the advice of her shrewd little servant. She saw plainly, that, if there were really any hope of his procuring her release in a day or two, it might be wisest to follow his advice. But she had grave doubts of his ability, and was so incensed against her jailor that it seemed impossible to play the hypocrite with him.

He approached her no more that day, and after the night's sleep she awoke to the conclusion that it might be best for her to meet violence with fraud. But she was equally aware of the necessity of caution in her concessions, as too great yielding on her part might lead him to suspect her motives.

This was the day on which the general search of the swamp was made, as described in a previous chapter. The most of the men remained within the grounds, but two or three went out at various times on scouting duty. Pete kept a strict surveillance of their exits and entrances, finding them all to be at one spot.

Meanwhile he devoted himself to removing all suspicion from the minds of the others, and he played a thousand antics for their amusement, singing, dancing, whistling, and acting the buffoon generally, till they began to fancy they had gained an acquisition invaluable as a source of entertainment.

To all their questions he replied with the utmost simplicity. To the question if he would like to remain with them, he replied:

"Golly, yes, mass. S'pect dis aren't a bad sort of life. Don't like work, dat am a fact, an' dis here's a berry pretty corn an' tater patch. Reckon I'll stay."

About noon the scouts returned, and procuring some blue stuff, adorned their hats with huge blue rosettes. They did not again appear till towards night, Jim Budd coming in last, in great haste. A red line across his cheek indicated that Solomon's shot had not quite missed its mark.

A dozen questions assailed him.

"Durn it, men," he replied, "they are out thick as blue birds in spring. I owe Sol Muddle one more. That's the scratch of his bullet. By — ef I don't pay him out yit yer kin take my head for a football."

Nellie, as if unable longer to bear the confinement of her prison, stepped out and walked down towards the thicket.

Middleton followed her, apparently anxious to renew the conversation. She showed no indisposition to listen, but was very curt and unsatisfactory in her replies, assuming a bantering tone, that both angered and perplexed him.

Yet the absence of any display of anger on her part made him think that possibly she might have taken another view of the situation, and might be gradually yielding to the inevitable.

He took care to impress again upon her mind the situation, and her only means of escape, and ended with the conviction that he had made a long step forward; simply because she repressed her indignation.

The mouse that was gnawing the net of the lion was too insignificant to attract their attention, and the outlaw band went to sleep that night in perfect security, considering it utterly useless to post a sentinel, and contenting themselves with locking the doors upon their two prisoners.

The teeth of the mouse consisted of a strong bladed pocket knife with which Pete was provided. The log hut in which he was had a flooring of thick planks, its sides being formed of stout unhewn logs. It was roofed with cypress shingles, and as he had noticed that these were laid thinly, and imperfectly fastened, he selected the roof as his point of attack.

Waiting till the darkness had become intense and the camp was buried in complete silence, Pete commenced operations at a corner he had previously decided upon. The need of standing almost at tiptoe upon his bench and working with his hand extended at full length above his head, rendered his task exceedingly laborious and slow.

Cut after cut with the strong blade was made till he had made a hole in the thin roof sufficient for his hand to pass through. Weary now with cutting, he worked at the cut shingle, and finally succeeded in loosening it, and in pulling it completely out, dropping it carefully at his feet. Several hours were employed in this labor, exhausting to one so versatile as the little negro, before this result was reached.

But love of his mistress proved an inducement stronger than his natural indolence, and he scarcely rested a moment till the task was accomplished. It was now past midnight, and he felt the necessity of hurrying through the remainder of his task.

He was obliged, however, to desist and rest for nearly an hour before he became able to continue his operations.

Fortunately he now found the work comparatively easy. The drawing out of one shingle loosened the fastenings of several others. The starlight, shining through the hole he had made, enabled him to work more decisively, and in a very short time he had an opening made large enough for the passage of his body.

His agile form was speedily drawn up to this aperture, and with protuded head he carefully observed the signs of things without. All was still as death, no trace of life moved within the circle of the trees.

A moment more and he was upon the roof. Fearful of the sound, if he let himself fall to the ground, he grasped the branch of a tree that was within easy reach, and stole noiselessly along it to the trunk.

He was about to descend when a slight sound alarmed him, and he saw one of the outlaws, who lay stretched on the ground, arise, and stretching his limbs, take a long look around.

"All right, I reckon," he muttered, after a few minutes observation, again extending himself upon the grass.

Pete waited a full half hour before again venturing to move. He then slid down the trunk of the tree, and alternately gliding and rolling over the ground, in a few minutes reached the bordering thicket, without having lifted his person above the ground. He had calculated his movements so well that he stopped at the exact spot of entrance, which, less carefully concealed inwardly, he had no trouble in finding.

Once in the path, he found no great difficulty in following its windings, and soon found himself plunged in the watery inlet. It reached nearly to his shoulders, but he went resolutely on, and, soon emerging, stood in the watery avenue up which they had passed in the boat. This was twenty or thirty feet wide, but he stood now in its deepest part, the water growing shallow as he advanced. In a minute more he was safely across and on the border of the thicket that lay beyond.

Stopping here a moment, Pete felt that if he continued his flight he would both lose himself and lose the clue to the place whence he had escaped. The outlaws had no dog with which to trace him. He was, besides, overcome with drowsiness and fatigue. He therefore simply forced his way a few feet into the thicket, and lying down in a moderately dry spot, was instantly fast asleep.

The sun was up when he awoke. Creeping carefully to the water's edge, the exterior of the Budd stronghold lay extended before him. Noticing all its peculiarities and surroundings with an eye that had become sharpened by his late experience, he was startled by a low but very expressive sound within its green walls. Sure that they had discovered his escape, he plunged hastily into the thicket, and forcing his small frame through brakes that would have been impassable for a man, made rapid headway through the densest portion of the undergrowth.

In a very short time he had proceeded about a quarter of a mile in this manner, and was still diligently crawling onward through mud and bushes, when the sound of advancing steps in front forced him to halt. The ground was more open in front, and making himself a screen of leaves, he looked keenly forward. In an instant he recognized Solomon and Mr. Howard at the head of a party of men. Pushing now hastily forward he protuded his head from the bushes just in time to avoid a shot from Solomon, who flung the butt of his rifle to the earth, and broke into a loud laugh, as the muddy, miserable-looking Pete broke from his retreat, and ran towards them with a shout of joy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A NOBLE ERROR.

BY EDITH S. JAY,

AUTHOR OF "JENNY'S THREE BALLS," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

Eight years after we find Dolly again—a different Dolly, in quite another scene; yet in heart not quite as different as she herself believes. She has come with a married cousin and her children, to see a conjuring performance, and listens to the little ones' joyous anticipations with herold sweet smile, but without the rising color and laughing glance that used to denote her ready sympathy. Pretty and sweet still, earnest about principles, things; but no longer about people; more self-contained, for she has lost her parents, her only dearest confidants, by death; more patient, because more indifferent; more suspicious, because she has seen deception and forgetfulness. No one has deceived Dolly (I mean sentimentally speaking), because she has never cared about any man enough to trust him. She has had suitors whom she tried to like, because her parents wished her to marry. She thought she *did* like them till they gave and asked all, and then, each time, she turned away, sickened, and knew that that old shadow was, after all, the only substance of love to her, and this substantial, present possibility, a chilling, mocking wraith. She has little flirtations now; that is to say, people pay her compliments, which she snubs playfully in appearance, but with an undertone of seriousness they soon discover. She goes to dances and makes the best of her life, and is fairly happy. But, ah me! seventeen's ideal, and twenty-five's reality are two very different things, and deep down in her heart is a want, a void that cries sometimes—in the silent night, in the gay ball-room, in the morning sun—thrilling the stillness, stilling the voices of men and nature, making its moan desolate and tender. "Oh, Cecil, Cecil; my lost Cecil!" But Dolly Ashton was not to be associated with that past sad story any longer. Her present circle (except the aunt with whom she lived) knew nothing of it, and her cheerfulness averted suspicion of any cause save indifference for her refusal of a late eligible offer. She was an every-day person, with an every-day life now. She was still talking to her little nephews when their mother addressed her.

"Dolly, did you see how ill the man looked who has come to play between the tricks—so tired—he walked quite weakly."

"It must be weary work," answered Dolly, looking up at the person mentioned, who was now sitting with his back to them, leaning back listlessly in his chair. Presently he began to play—well—but in a spiritless, monotonous manner; his long white fingers seeming to move by machinery over the keys, without the rest of his frame having the least sympathy with them. He played from the wrists, as most "hack" performers do, knowing by experience it is the least fatiguing plan, and when he had to strike a loud chord, or put down a stiff pedal, the effort appeared exhausting.

"Look, how his shoulders and his head droop," said Dolly, pityingly; "and his hands are like a skeleton's—I wonder if he is well paid."

"Very badly, I should think," Mrs. Lane answered. "Now, Bertie, look: here's the great magician."

The great magician—a foreigner with a fine British accent—performed his tricks, turning angrily upon his coadjutor if he did not immediately obey his "anoder leetle tune, if you please;" and the children laughed, and Dolly looked at the musician, and sighed.

"Auntie," said the smallest one at last, in the clear, loud, serious tone peculiar to "enfants terribles" which fixes the attention of all: "Why has that man who plays a hole in his coat? I can see his shirt sleeve through it."

"Oh hush, dear," said Dolly, conscious that Lily had followed the pensive gaze of her own eyes; "poor fellow, he would not like you to notice it; it would not be kind."

The music was loud when she began, but it dropped into softness suddenly; and her answer was not wholly inaudible. One ear caught, thrilled with an agony of remembered delight, those soft accents, and the musician changed the air he was playing, and began "Home, sweet Home." The familiar tune rose, swelled, waned, with plaintive, passionate yearning, and Dolly sat spell-bound. Cecil Kilmurray had taught her to sing that song; had laughed with fond anticipation over the "lowly thatch'd cottage," had spoken of the dear, peaceful perfection of "Home, sweet Home." In her own mind Dolly went over one of those lessons—the grave eyes looking up with tender mischief, if she made a wrong note; the sarcastic lips smiling with new soft pleasure when she sang well; the strong hands playing gently so as not to drown her timid voice, following it with instinctive sympathy. There was a little impromptu symphony Kilmurray had been wont to play between the verses, which she had never heard before or since; and now, suddenly doubting her own ears, she heard it once more. She thought wildly, she must rise, cry, see the face of the stranger who knew one of *their* old, sacred, silly little secrets. But she did no such thing. She was wedged into her seat by indifferent people, yawning, staring, interested in the conjuror or themselves. Her nephews were laughing at her side, the "magician" continuing his babble, which tortured, without distracting, her strained ear. She sat quite still, pale, quiet, with a dreamy look, and parted lips, environed by those strong barriers of "convenance" to which, in real life, one sacrifices more than one does to far dearer idols.

The entertainment was ended. The conjurer bowed and withdrew; every one was going, but Dolly sat immovable.

Her little nephew touched her hand, and cried "How cold you are, auntie—like ice!" and she shivered. His mother said, "Come, dear; what are you waiting for?" But she did not move, nor did the man at the piano; he sat still, with his head on his breast, and his tired hands clasping his forehead.

"Dolly," cried her cousin, rather aggravated, "the children will catch cold, waiting for us in the passage."

"Oh, Constance," answered Dolly, desperately, "I want to see the face of the man who played; I think—I think I once knew him!"

"You Quixotic girl? Those sort of men are always disreputable; or else have a slatternly wife and sixteen children with the scarlet fever at home."

"*Indeed*, Constance dear!"

"Well, we'll send Harry to find out all about him to-morrow, if you'll come now."

"Very well," said Dolly, sadly, rising and following her out.

She looked back very often. Her last glance, as Mrs. Lane hurried her to the carriage, showed a face haggard, sullen, weary, with a settled look of hunger and hopelessness indeed—but still Cecil Kilmurray's.

The old Dolly would have sat up all night by way of hastening the dawn; the new Dolly went to bed discreetly, and lay very quiet, looking sadly into the darkness.

The "slatternly wife and sixteen children" came into her head, and made her smile painfully; but did not change or embitter the tender, faithful affection that overflowed her heart.

When she met her cousin next morning, and Harry, her cousin's husband, and preferred her request, she did so calmly, though her cheeks flushed and her eyes dilated with anxiety. Mr. Lane laughed at her a little about her "prince in disguise;" but went at last to do her bidding.

"No success," he said on his return; "the conjuror has gone on a provincial tour, and he and your player-fellow have parted company. The people at the rooms don't know his address, so I'm afraid the clue is lost—I'm sorry."

"Thank you," murmured Dolly, meekly.

She did not go to her own room to cry. She played with the children, wrote some notes for Mrs. Lane, worked and read as usual; but all the while there were dreary tears in her eyes, and her heart bled afresh, inwardly, at the lost chance—at the remembrance of that wan, despairing face, so dreadfully dear still.

By degrees she began to doubt if an accidental likeness had not misled her; for, years before, she had heard Julian Verney declare Kilmurray was in Australia, rich, prosperous, happy; and surely her haughty Cecil could not have fallen so low as to be a poor nightly drudge to a common charlatan!

So she tried to think she had been mistaken, and that evening remained dormant in her memory for awhile. She went to the sea-side with her aunt for two or three months; and when she returned it was winter, the season that reminded her less of him. Spring and early summer—the springtime of her life—these had been his hours; these were always sacred to him—hope, youth, sunshine, happiness, embalmed his memory. She used to say to herself (oh, ignorant Dolly!)—

> The better days of life were ours;
> The worse can be but mine.

And smile and sigh her sad content, while he was struggling for the sordid necessity to keep body and soul together.

Constance Lane was called away from her home to nurse a sick sister soon after Dolly returned to London for the winter, and she besought the latter to look in daily, and see that governesses and servants did their duty.

Miss Ashton was quite willing, for though the children were considerably spoilt, they were affectionate, and loved their gentle "auntie" dearly. The little boys, with a grand disregard of the Prayer-book, disputed which of them should marry her; and the girls meant to grow up exactly like Aunt Dolly.

When she paid her first visit they clung round her and cried, full of a new topic.

"Why didn't you come sooner, auntie? You would have seen my new music-master. He plays beautifully, and mamma says he's so cheap."

"Mamma wouldn't have let Lily learn yet," said her eldest sister Mina, with severity, "if he hadn't been only eighteen pence a lesson."

"Pa says, 'How can the poor devil live?'" interrupted Bob, the heir.

"He is so thin, Aunt Dolly, continued Mina. "I don't believe he will live; you think the bones are coming through his skin, and he coughs, and makes a curious noise in his chest, and his hand is so hot."

"And Barton says he would have fallen down in a faint, if he hadn't given him some of his own beer the other day," said the smallest boy, Bertie; "and he wears such nasty old clothes, and a bad hat."

"And has such funny red spots on his cheeks sometimes," added the precocious Lily. "I believe he paints, like grandmamma."

"Oh, Lily, for shame! If he is so ill, and so poor, he wouldn't do that," said Dolly gently. "Is he old? What is his name?"

"Mr. Murray? N-n-no," began Bob.

"Oh yes, he is, quite old," cried Miss Mina, confidently.

A heated argument then ensued, as to whether the master was, or was not, a gentleman; Bob maintaining stoutly that he was, and the others the opposite opinion. At last Dolly checked these young wiseacres summarily,

"Whatever he is, it is quite enough for you that he is old, and ill, and poor," said she, with tender gravity, "and you must always be kind to him, and very polite."

"I gave him my apple that I didn't want to finish, and Lily showed him her old beast of a doll," remarked Bertie, with conscious merit.

"Old beast! Oh what a naughty word, Bertie! Aunt Dolly doesn't like to hear it," she said, and so the conversation ended.

About a week later Dolly was sitting with Lily on her knee, pretending to learn to work, when Barton, the footman, announced "The music-master."

She looked up, and she saw Cecil Kilmurray.

She had not forgotten—true love does not forget, in eight years, even the outward seeming of its object—every line of his features, every wave of his hair was as natural, as familiar to her sight, as if they had parted yesterday. She did not know or notice the terrible change those years had wrought in him, the children's presence, the servant only just disappearing in the doorway. She dropped, rather than set down, Lily, rose, and threw herself towards him with her hands outstretched, the bloom on her cheeks, the radiance in her eyes, none had called forth since they parted, with a faint, rapturous "Oh, Cecil!" trembling on her true lips.

And he—he had strength in that dreadful, happy moment, to save her—from him, from herself. He saw in her the Dolly of old days, the child who was so piteously innocent of peril, pain, poverty; who, when others judged and cast him out, had called him "her Cecil"—her's still, and trusted him: he saw himself, reckless, penniless, blasted, a God-forgotten outcast, whose high hopes had all ended in a daily, soul-wearying struggle not to starve. He saw all this in a lightning flash, and his love arose strong and pure within him. At the cost of a moment's pain he must save her sweet life from the

shadow and stain of his own—repulse those longing arms, put away from him the light of his eyes—his better angel—*because* he loved her.

How many men would do so much?

"I must not drag her down," he said: and, standing where he was, bowed stiffly, and without recognition.

She paused, with her welcoming arms still stretched out—the greeting frozen on her lips; but she made another attempt—held open wide the beautiful gate against the miserable hand striving to close it, that no chill, no shadow from his outer wilderness might reach her.

"Mr. Kilmurray! don't you know me?" she said in a low, mournful voice.

"I have not that honor," he answered, under his breath, "*now*." And he turned away to the piano and summoned Lily, who was, fortunately, too much disgusted at her summary eviction from Aunt Dolly's lap to have noticed the words or looks of the grown-ups.

Poor Dolly! she stood still, with her hands clasped before her, stunned by the rapid change from joy to utter despair—a despair she had never contemplated. We scarcely ever do contemplate the special grief that is to happen, though we may be elaborately prepared for everything else.

She had thought herself quite resigned to lose him when she believed him prosperous, and far away—but not now—so near as almost to touch him—oh, not thus—so ill, so haggard, so helpless, so miserably poor.

After awhile she sat down with a heavy sigh, took her work, and looked at the wreck of her fearless, haughty lover, with tender hungering glances, and lips that quivered with silent, piteous blessing and sorrowing. Twenty, thirty years might have passed over Kilmurray's head, rather than eight, for he was fearfully changed. The whiteness of his complexion had turned to a dead, livid pallor from which his hollow eyes, unnaturally blackened and enlarged by want of sleep and food, looked out dully; his mouth was drawn into a sullen habitual sneer, and his hair and moustache were rough and carelessly trimmed. His clothes were of the coarsest material consistent with his occupation, and hung upon his shrunken limbs, his chest contracted, his head sunk upon it—its haughty carriage could offend no one now—and his figure sharpened into excessive fragility.

His old indolent grace of movement and gait had degenerated into a strange nervous uncertainty of motion—a weary slouch, pitiful to see, and when he spoke, his once steady voice vibrated, faltered, sank into painful weakness twenty times in a sentence.

He sat leaning wearily back as Lily stumbled hideously up C Major; collecting strength to play his part, and deceive Dolly, to assume the manner proper to an instructor of youth, as if he enjoyed his work; but his precarious existence, if it had dulled his sensitiveness, had weakened his command over himself, and his voice was little better than a moan when he said to his pupil—

"Play it again, if you please, Miss Lily; slower."

"Why must I play it slower?"

"Because you miss two notes when you play it fast, he returned, wearily, and as Lily pestingly resumed her stumbles at the same place as before, Dolly was seized with a very distinct desire to slap her fat little fingers into obedience.

But Kilmurray was more patient—accustomed to endure and conquer the caprices of his pupils, and now he only said quietly, "No, in this time, Miss Lily," and played the scale once or twice over.

So far so good; but Lily was cross, because as she considered Aunt Dolly had been rude to her at the entrance of her "cheap music-master," and would not be soothed into *docility*.

She pouted, she sulked, she banged the keys, and, when reproved, touched them so lightly that they gave no sound, till her master remonstrated with more energy.

"Why are you so naughty to-day, Miss Lily?"

"I'm not naughty—I won't play those nasty things—nasty cheap things."

"Cheap?" echoed Kilmurray, rather haughtily.

"I know they're cheap, because papa said you came cheap, because you were so poor, and nasty because he said you were a devil—Bob heard him. And nurse often says things are cheap and nasty, and that you're shabby genteel, and perhaps an impostor, who'll steal Mamma's ——"

"Hush child, for God's sake!"

Racked already with that awful inner conflict, the spoilt child's heedless babble fell like fire upon an open wound.

He had learnt to bear petty taunts and slights long ago, patiently enough; but then there was no one present to remind him of what he was, to be sorry for him. Yes, sorry; for he remembered Dolly's mercy to the supposed beggar at the garden-gate, and low as he had fallen, he thought she would be merciful to him too. Cecil Kilmurray of the 130th would have laughed at Lily's impertinence, or have administered a cool, sharp lecture: "Mr. Murray," the starving professor of music, grew white as death, and put his hands over his face with a stifled groan.

"Lily, how *dare* you!" cried a passionate voice, and Miss Lily who was as arrant a little coward as she was an infantine bully crimsoned all over her chubby features, and burst into a loud roar of anguish at Aunt Dolly's undreamt-of severity. But Aunt Dolly did not heed her; she was gazing at Cecil as though she hoped thus to charm him back to health, prosperity, calmness—to his old love.

"Oh don't, don't mind!" she faltered at last, her own words sounding bare and cold. "Lily did not think what nonsense—"

"It was all true, and I have heard it often enough," said Kilmurray, sullenly, without raising his eyes. "Miss Lily, if you will not play any more, go, and send your sister to me. Be quick."

The abashed Lily crept out sobbing, and these two, who had last met as lovers, were alone once more.

"Won't you speak to me?" said Dolly, with imploring haste. "Just one word!"

No answer, no sign.

"You used to talk to me so much, Mr. Kilmurray." With a tearful smile.

"*Used*," said Kilmurray, in a tone like a funeral knell.

"Is it—is it that you are—married?"

He laughed a little.

"No," he answered.

"Nor angry with me for not answering your note—years ago. You told me not."

She spoke so simply and sadly, that whole speech was so like the girlish Dolly who used to trip down the sunny path to meet him, to look in his face and nestle her small hand confidingly in his; his heart swelled within him, and it was an awful effort to reply, with a false air of forgetfulness—

"I hardly recollect. Angry? oh, of course not."

"Then—*why*," began Dolly—stopped—struggled, and began to cry. Where, alas, was the womanly self-control, the pride the calmness, she had thought so assured? Gone.

And here were as many tears, and miserable smarting inward protests, and longings for exterior comfort and strength, as when she was seventeen, and wept over her Cecil's farewell.

Her tears—ah! could he see them, and not be vanquished, not wipe them with his kisses, forget prudence, honor, generosity; go back for one instant to the Eden he had renounced by his own mad deed, eight years before? He could; though in his agony, he said to himself over and over again—"Little Dolly, God help her, God bless her!"—he could—by a strength better, believe me, than the honor men boast of—a strength, the only thing left him of that bright and bitter past.

He rose up in his chair, turned, and spoke with bitter distinctness—

"Miss Ashton, I said just now I did not know you. It was a lie. You think you know me—but you don't, any more than God's angels know the fallen spirits in hell. The Cecil Kilmurray *you* knew was a happy, hopeful man—true, honorable, ambitious, and not a beggar; the Cecil Kilmurray you see now is a wretched hack of a music-master, who was fallen as low as a man can fall—not to sink out of sight—who sold his birthright, years ago—to whom love and happiness are only vain names—who hopes for nothing but a grave, and that men should bury his shame with him. In the den where I live I could hardly have breathed once. If I were the same, could I endure this life? I tell you I could not! My old self is dead. Dolly, I will never return to this house if my presence pains you, though I die of starvation. But if I come here—Dolly, Dolly, be merciful, and let me alone!"

As he ended this strange appeal, he sank on his knees, and catching the hem of her dress, covered it with passionate kisses. Then he started up, and said hoarsely—

"Oh, child, in pity say 'Yes!'"

She said it mechanically: it was enough that he asked it, that her refusal might take from her even such a torturing glimpse of him as this. She said,

"I will do as you wish; indeed, always," and dried her tears meekly.

And the too successful pleader turned to the piano, and crashed out a stormy lament from the keys till the quiet, every-day room echoed, and the children, thinking it an angry summon, hurried in.

"He gave the elder her lesson, as if in a dream; correcting her with faint, unfinished sentences, and a strange abstraction of manner, and when the weary task was done, rose, bowed to Dolly, and went out, wavering a little; but with no more emotion than if she were a stranger.

And this was the meeting she had hoped for (for she knew now she had hoped) so long—this the end. She sat on her bed, thinking it over dully, moaning a little to herself sometimes, and wondering dimly how God could let things go wrong, when He could so easily set them right.

Why, a powerful human being could even do it. By degrees her mind got clearer, and she tried to think whether Cecil loved her still. Her heart said "Yes," her reason "No." I scarcely know which voice was strongest, but she cried to herself bitterly. "Oh, if I were an heiress, I might ask him if he did still love me; and even if he does not, I might make him rich. Then a feeble ray of foolish comfort crept into her mind as she remembered she should see him in a week, and in spite of the anguish, the strangeness of to-day, she thanked God for bringing her lost Cecil back, and in her sleep was happy.

He had gone away calmly, but once in the street he put his head down, and hurried along at a reckless pace into the narrow, dark precincts of Marylebone Lane, where a shabby man with a wan, desperate face and a hunted look, was too common an object to be stared after. He, too, was dizzy with the miserable wonder of their meeting. He had thought of Dolly so often as a happy wife, honored and cherished, with, perhaps, little children (strange thought, his childish little Dolly!) clinging to her, with a strong prosperous arm to be her support, strength and affection fencing her in on every side—from loneliness, from poverty, from memory of him. And now to find her as cruelly near and far as in the dead autumn night when he bid her, unconscious, his bitter farewell; find her lovely, gentle as ever, fair as ever in his eyes, and perhaps—faithful still. For had she not called him "Cecil," and stretched out her arms. Faithful. He tried to realise that; as ready to love him, to let him love her, as when he was young, and had a career before him, when women smiled on him, and men predicted success; as ready, with the added wisdom of eight years, as at unpractical seventeen—ready to marry him. For it came to that, if she were indeed true. No one could prevent her now her parents, as he knew, were dead; if he did not. "How awfully, unbelievably strange!" he muttered to himself, as he hurried on. "To have so little between us, after all! A feather that I could blow away—a pebble in the path."

But that feather, that pebble—what was its moral name? Alas, one that shakes the world, and sends men and women into eternal darkness or light—yet has been profaned so often, and terribly, and absurdly, it sounds light enough in one's ears. Love: love coming to Cecil Kilmurray no more as a laughing cherub opening through thickets of roses, a Paradise of home delights; but like a stern pure seraph pointing the martyr's palm branch to a night-black vista, thorny, barren, icy cold, which he must tread alone.

"If she loves me now," said he, thinking of the bitter experience of the last eight years, "because she has kept up a sort of romance all this time, because her tender heart was shocked and touched by the first sight of my misery, and she remembers what a different fellow I was when she knew me; it won't last. She'll see how every one treats me, and how I take it all as a natural thing, and it will become natural to her too, as it has to others who were shocked at first. She'll see I am hardened and hateful, and ready to snap even at those who try to help me, like a street cur. And besides, I, who used to be good-looking, in a way, am as ugly as sin—what woman would not shudder at the notion of such a lover? No, no, Dolly, you're better without me, and you'll find that out, fast enough, without my help. I shall see you married, and live, perhaps, to teach your children as I taught you once—the old song you remembered as mine—God bless you! two months ago. Or perhaps I shall die, which would be better."

He was near home when he muttered the last words, and such a home! Marylebone Lane is not very wide, nor very clean, nor are its denizens very refined or domestic persons; but the alley off it into which Kilmurray turned was a sickening place, more crowded and disreputable by far. Friendly neighbors at opposite sides, if so disposed, could shake hands from their respective casements; foes (who, it must be owned, were frequent), exchange buffets. There was no glass to speak of in the windows, and the narrow pavement was in many places sunk, or ankle deep in mud and water.

Kilmurray threaded his way, however, with knowledge, plunged into one of the dark entries, and mounted a dilapidated staircase of five flights, pausing occasionally to cough and catch his breath. He reached his own room at last, and unlocking the door disclosed a garret, containing, by way of furniture, a table, a chair, and a mattress with one very thin blanket thrown over it; of ornament some torn music, a cracked tea-cup full of ink, and a photograph pinned against the plastered wall: a view of Boyle House, with a very indistinct blot of a Dolly at the window, and the barracks with himself riding out at the gate, done years ago as a joke in the infancy of the art by one of his brother officers. He had written grimly underneath it, "Paradise Lost," and would often sit gazing at it, till even the warmth and light of those vanished hours could not keep him from feeling cold and hunger and want in these.

When he had swallowed a spoonful from a bottle marked "Cough Mixture, Marleybone Dispensary," by way of a meal, he sat down, and took from his breast something carefully wrapped in paper. It was the little old purse which Dolly had given the supposed beggar, tarnished, faded with many tearful kisses, but otherwise intact, and with the money intact within it. He had been near starvation twenty times, but he had never touched this sacred hoard. He kissed it now sadly, but without passion, and sat with it in his hand till a neighboring church clock striking reminded him that he must go out before the shops closed, to procure a new piece for a pupil. On which he rose, and, sighing, resumed the treadmill business of getting his living, which, when got, scarcely repaid the labor thereon expended.

Eight years before he had once more opened his eyes to life, very reluctantly, in the ward of a London hospital, receiving the announcement, "You've pulled through, my man," with a groan and "I wish I hadn't," which greatly scandalized the hearers. However, there was no doubting the fact; and when, on account of his slow recovery, he was sent from the hospital to a "convalescent home" at the sea-side, he expressed his gratitude for the gift of which he was weary, and refrained from anything further.

At this latter establishment there was a piano, which Kilmurray was often permitted to use, and which suggested to him his present occupation. His health was now too delicate and capricious to admit of the work he had before attempted, so he started anew as "Mr. Murray, pianist," with his cards in the hands of a second-rate music-publisher, and his home in —— Alley, an address which would have materially startled some of his patrons, could they have known it. He had lost sight of all his friends. His father was dead, Brington had left the army, and lived on his own estate; Verney and his wife were abroad with the 130th; and the acquaintances he sometimes brushed in the street, the girls once eager to dance with him, never recognized in the shabby-genteel individual, with the depressed, slouching gait, and the roll of music under his arm, the grave, gallant young officer who bore himself like a conqueror, and had the eye of an eagle and the step of a prince.

Cecil had only one patron, or rather patroness, of any importance. This was an old lady, who had heard him play (in giving a lesson) at a friend's house, and was so charmed with his touch, that she sent for him on the next wet day to amuse her; and as Kilmurray, when asked his charge for two or three hours' performance, did not know what to ask, had liberally presented him with two shillings, a biscuit, and a cup of weak tea. Mrs. Ormonde was rather old, very peculiar, and not very generous or polite; but she was a lady, and could, and did, talk to him as if he were man as well as music-master, when the fit took her, which the rest of the world could not. So Kilmurray gave her his time (which I am afraid was not very valuable to him yet) in exchange for a little mental relaxation, and when she was not in the humor to afford it him, played himself to death rather than offend her finally, or tire himself with a quarrel. She was quite familiar with him, called him "Cecil," and had twice given him money besides his wages. He took it. Be not shocked, O self-respecting, world-respected reader! but rather remember that when all the world cries you down, it is hard to hold your head up, and when you have no one to care for your honor, it becomes a less matter to yourself.

He took it, and put it by, that he might not have a pauper's funeral, might be buried in the little churchyard, whose nodding larches look in from a distance at what was Dolly's window, whose fallen leaves a high wind sends tapping against the pane, among whose green quiet graves Dolly had sat making daisy chains, and had said seriously—feeling like an immortal as she said it—"I should like to be buried here; wouldn't you?" And he had answered, "Yes, if *you* were."

He meant to have a stone with his name cut upon it, and that verse about "seeing through a glass, darkly," underneath—if he, or rather his executors, could afford it; but the money for this unreasonable posthumous gratification was hard to come by. He dreamed that night, in dead, exhausted slumber, while Dolly waked, that he was lying cold under the turf, but that she was melting it with the kisses of her tender lips, and sunshine and the scent of flowers were coming through to him gradually, while the organ pealed from the church near, and the clergyman solemnly said, in Colonel Offham's voice—

"If the wicked man turn away from the wickedness which he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive."

The next week was to Dolly like a blank, dim passage, with one loophole for light and air at the end—to Cecil a time of self-hardening, vilifying, and all that could bring him lowest in her sight, and his own.

She, like a woman, did not look much forward beyond that day when she should, at least, see him again; he, considering the assurance he had given himself of his own repulsiveness, dreaded it, and the days to follow, morbidly, for their danger as well as their pain.

But the time came, and they met, and nothing happened. They were both pale. Kilmurray looked away; Dolly stared at him in spite of herself. He was rather inconsistent in his instructions; she severe with the children; but that was all. No tears, no sighs, no passionate words or looks; no sending away of the children. When Bob called his master a fool, Dolly made him apologize: and when she dropped her thimble, Kilmurray started up to restore it; and then, in a hard voice, excused himself for the liberty he had taken. He went away perfectly satisfied with his conduct, and perfectly miserable.

As to Dolly, Lily, who was on her lap during her brother's lesson, felt, at its close, something tickle her forehead, and glancing inquisitively up, inquired, after a pause, in a solemn tone—

"Aunt Dolly, Mina and I want to know why you always cry when Mr. Murray comes here?"

Dolly waited a little, trying to compose herself; then she said sadly, with a faint blush—

"Mr. Murray knew somebody I loved when I was a little girl, Lily, and his coming reminds me of that person."

"Did they *die?*" inquired Lily, in a very sober voice.

"He says they did," answered Dolly, faintly.

"Do you *know* they're dead?"

"No dear—at least—I'm afraid. Oh, darling, I can't tell."

"I don't believe it's true," cried Miss Lily positively; and speaking with great volubility; "*I know* Mr. Murray tells crams, as Bob calls them, because I saw him peeping at you out of the corner of his eye, and I said, 'You're looking at Aunt Dolly, crying;' and he said, 'No, he was looking at my pretty curls,' and I know he wasn't!"

At the conclusion of which speech Lily was much surprised at being clasped tightly in Aunt Dolly's arms, fervently kissed, and declared amid much sobbing; "a good, good, dear child, and auntie's sweet little comforter;" epithets which she retailed later, with great pride, to her brothers and sisters. In truth, Dolly was a little cheered by words which, childish as they were, sounded to her like a good omen; and, under their influence she thought over a poor little plan to win Kilmurray's confidence as a *friend* at least, by accepting the superior position he forced upon her, treating him with perfect frankness, and perhaps asking his help about some difficult songs. All this might put him off his guard, and *then*—naughty, naughty Dolly!

So, next time he came, she did not droop over her work, in a corner: but noticed Mina's progress, talked music and singing, gave him an invaluable recipe for cough lozenges, and looked so pretty, so kind, and yet so horribly *friendly*, that Kilmurray went away with a strange sense of irritation stirring his melancholy reserve, a feeling unknown to him since the days when Dolly used to say in all simplicity, with her innocent eyes wide open, and her tender, pretty voice quite clear and frank, in answer to some implied compliment or fervent inference of love—

"How kind of you to say so!"

And he used privately to stamp and look to her, mysteriously cross.

The Lane children's lessons proceeded, and with them this sort of little tournament, which Dolly, somewhat piqued, carried on with spirit, and Kilmurray with a dogged persevering resistance.

After the first shock, she acted better than he did—what was only courteous kindness in his pupils aunt would have appeared presumption in him, so she had a legitimate outlet which he lacked. A little is better than nothing to a woman; but a man, if he knows himself, knows he must show nothing or all.

Dolly was often miserable after one of these encounters, would sit in her room, crying over her Bible, and trying to believe this seemingly easily to be remedied anguish a good thing, would indemnify herself for her late coldly condescending demeanor, by mentally comparing Cecil to her other male acquaintance, with results of withering scorn to the latter; would praise "Mr. Murray" to the children, till they grew to feel a deep reverence for their "cheap music master," because Aunt Dolly thought him nice; would grieve herself over a chance word that might have seemed scornful—but she was not absolutely wretched. He was so afraid of being polite that she began to doubt his absolute indifference, and then his glance would fall, his hand falter, if they accidentally met hers.

"There is a little, little thread between us still;" said she to herself. I will not strain it, but he shall not break it."

On Cecil's part, he began to doubt if he could bear this state of things much longer, if he must not hide himself from the one dear gentle temptation the world held for him now; not that he feared for her, as he had done at first, but that the torture, the struggle were so sharp, they seemed draining away his very life. He believed she was getting to despise him—possibly there was some man in the background with whom she contrasted him, and though this was what he had intended and wished, it was hard to bear.

He would sit in his garret, calling an imaginary Dolly, whom his love could not harm, passionate names, clasping her to his heart, kissing those sweet lips—having just parted from the existing Dolly, who had given him a polite little bow and smile, and "hoped his cough was better." *He* thought there was not even a thread between them now, for was not every other tie of love and friendship broken?

"Better so. If I could not in honor ask her then, what horrible madness to imagine I could now," he would say to himself. "And as she despises me, the pain is all mine. I never thought it would come to *this*," and he laughed a hollow laugh, that ended in a groan. "As the chaplain used to say, 'the wages of sin is death;' and he would tell me I had my wages."

One morning, when he had risen hungrier than usual, and was wondering how he could earn a meal, a note was brought him from his friend Mrs. Ormonde.

"Come and play to me this afternoon, at four. I want a friend of mine to hear you."

"MADELINE ORMONDE."

He obeyed the summons, almost famished, for he had not a penny in his pocket, having just paid his rent. As he went on his way, he wondered apathetically how long this would last, and whether the workhouse would be the next stage of "Kilmurray, of the 130th."

"Oh, here you are, Cecil," said Mrs. Ormonde, putting out her hand, but not getting up. "I knew you'd come. This is Miss Leigh, a young lady who's very fond of music, and I'm a stupid old woman to spend the afternoon with, and I thought you'd amuse us. Go and play something, and then you shall have some tea."

Miss Leigh laughed a little at the reward offered to the new-comer (quite unconscious of its immediate importance to him), and composed herself to listen.

She owned to thirty, and might have been more, but was handsome and showy-looking—dark, tall, with brilliant teeth and eyes, a great deal to say, and rather an amusing manner of saying it. She was not strikingly womanly or refined, and suited Mrs. Ormonde very well as a companion, though that lady declared behind her back—

"She's very fast, my dear. Bold—not what a girl should be. She'll never marry.

Cecil played two pieces, and, ten not appearing, stopped and looked around irresolutely.

"Go on," called Mrs. Ormonde, from her warm seat by the fire.

"I want my tea," said he, with the freedom he was accustomed to use.

"Oh, you greedy man! Nonsense: play away—play the old 'Carnival;' I'm never tired of it."

"Not greedy, but hungry," he returned, ruefully.

"Fiddledeedee! No one is really hungry, except beggars and those sort of people, now-a-days."

"But I'm one of 'those sort of people.'"

"Miss Leigh and I are not so easily taken in, are we, my dear? Now go on, Cecil, and don't be silly."

"No, we are not," said Miss Leigh, flashing a challenging glance at Kilmurray, for want of better game; and he, with rather a mirthless laugh, returned to his task. He stumbled, however, and played so weakly that Miss Leigh, though she thought his fatigue feigned, took the feigning as the result of a desire for her own society, and accordingly said to her hostess, aloud, with the familiarity of tone women of her class adopt with all men, and with each other—

"Now, let him off for a while, in my honor. Can you talk as well as you play, Mr. Murray?"

"No, I don't think so," he answered in an unpromisingly spiritless way.

"Well, yes—Cecil, you may come here for a minute," added Mrs. Ormonde, and he came, and spread his wasted hands, blue with cold, before the blaze.

When the candles were lighted, Miss Leigh studied Kilmurray with some attention, and then asked him a question which brought the blood to his cheeks, and made his heart beat fast.

"Didn't you live at Burnley once, Mr. *Murray*, some years ago?"

"Yes, I was quartered there. Why?" he answered defiantly.

"For no reason. I remembered your face," replied Miss Leigh, quietly. She knew his story, partly; but she was not ill-natured, and she did not care if he did rob Mrs. Ormonde, who was quite sharp enough to look after herself, and besides, rather preferred "queer" people.

Mrs. Ormonde's quick ear had caught the expression "quartered."

"Were you in the army? You never told me," she cried.

"Yes, I was."

"An officer?"

Kilmurray's lip curled a little. "Yes," he answered.

"Why did you leave it?"

"Things went wrong."

"Oh, you might have told me," said Mrs. Ormonde, shortly. "Go and give us some more music. You've been idling here long enough."

"But my hands are so cold," he objected, exhibiting blue fingers studded with chilblains. "I can't feel the notes."

"What a shame," said Miss Leigh, good-naturedly.

"Well, warm them first, if you like. But you're full of fancies this afternoon. That reminds me, I'm going to have a little dance to-day fortnight—only a few—say thirty, young people, and I want you to come and play. Can you?"

"How much will you give me for it?" he inquired, laughing.

"What a horrid miser! Half-a-crown, and your supper."

"Very well," said Kilmurray, who could not bargain with so shrewd a woman as Mrs. Ormonde.

"Then come at nine. Be punctual. By the way, have you got any evening clothes? If you haven't spent what I——"

"Yes, I have got some," he interrupted, curtly. "I'm obliged to, you know, because of going out to play."

Then he returned to the piano, and was in due time dismissed, hungry, as he came, for tea had never made its appearance; and unpaid, because Mrs. Ormonde's purse happened to be upstairs.

As he passed through the Burlington Arcade on his way home, faint and dizzy with sheer want of food, he saw a crust of bread some child had dropped lying on the pavement. He darted forward, picked it up, and began to eat it ravenously. A minute after some one touched him on the shoulder, and a rough voice spoke behind him.

"There's a shilling for you, my man, to get a better supper than that."

He turned, and saw Colonel Offham. He made a military salute. "Thank you, Colonel," he said; "I'll take it to drink the health of the old 130th," and hurrying off, he was lost in the crowd.

"Good God!" cried Offham, horrified. "It's young Kilmurray!"

"Mrs. Ormonde," began Miss Leigh, when Kilmurray was gone, "that man's a gentleman."

"Don't teach your grandmother, my love."

"The later discoveries of science may be unknown to that individual," replied Miss Leigh, calmly. "I was going to tell you that he is a Mr. Kilmurray, who was turned out of the 130th for stealing a check, and disinherited by his father, that he was half engaged to a little Miss Ashton, whom I know. He disappeared directly after the affair, and has never come to the surface since, to my knowledge, till now."

"Cecil stole a check, did he?" remarked Mrs. Ormonde, not at all shocked. "He's never taken anything from here, though he has had many a chance. He must have been a good-looking young fellow before he got down in the world. What is the girl like?"

"A pretty little daisy, who puts on premature airs of old maidism, and thinks herself bitter and worldly; but who is really full of sluggish domesticity, and all for love, and the world well lost."

"Then she'd better take Cecil. I don't think he'll beat her."

"I don't know," said Miss Leigh. "You can't trust those Bohemians, they're always brutes at home. Besides, perhaps he wouldn't take *her*."

"Oh, he would. What do you say to giving them a chance? You shall bring her to my dance. It will amuse us, won't it, my dear?"

"My dear Mrs. Ormonde, it'll be capital! Give me a card, and I'll take it her to-morrow. Only you mustn't keep him to his work quite all the evening, or else he won't have a chance of rehabilitation. I'll play a dance now and then."

"Thanks, my love—I hope there will be a little bit of a scene. It is so funny to watch, isn't it?"

Miss Ashton was asked, and "accepted with pleasure, receiving Miss Leigh's effusive, "You must make yourself look your very best, to please me; won't you, *darling?*" with a smile, half-wonder, half-gratitude, and a gentle "Very well."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PAST LIFE. By Sir HENRY HOLLAND, BART, M. D., F. R. S., D. C. L. &c., &c., President of the Royal Institute of Great Britain: Physician-in-Ordinary to the Queen. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and also for sale by Claxton, Ramsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

JOHN JASPER'S SECRET. A Sequel to Chas. Dickens's unfinished novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," with eighteen illustrative engravings. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada. In this sequel, written by two friends of the great novelist, the broken thread of the story has been taken up and completed according to their idea of the original design.

THE JOURNAL OF THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE for February contains "Mineral Resources of North Carolina," "Experimental Steam Boiler Explosions," "The Chemical Theory of the Voltaic Battery," "Cyclical Rainfalls at Lisbon," and other first-class scientific articles. Published by the Franklin Institute at their hall, Philada.

APPLETON'S RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE for February. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

INDUSTRIAL MONTHLY. A practical journal for Manufacturers, Mechanics, Inventors, Engineers, &c. With a Record of Railway Progress. Issued by the Industrial Publication Co., 176 Broadway, New York.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW FOR JAN., 1872. This number contains "Lanfrey's Napoleon the First," "Beethoven," "An English Interior in the Seventeenth Century," "Mahomet," "Last Words on the Ballot Question," "Contemporary Literature," etc., etc. Published by The Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York, and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

☞ The toilettes made for Parisian ladies, are strikingly plain and modest compared to those made at the same establishments in Paris for American belles and leaders of fashion in New York.

☞ A "Nose Machine" is advertised in London, which, if worn for an hour daily, is warranted to press the wearer's nose into any shape he may desire, within a few weeks.

☞ "The great secret of success in life," writes Disraeli, "is for a man to be ready when his opportunity comes."

☞ London was first lighted with gas on the 28th of January, 1807, by a German named Winsor. Sir Walter Scott observes in his diary, in 1826, "There is a madman in London who is trying to light the city with smoke."

☞ The Atalantas, of New York, have challenged the London Boating Club to a four-oared race from Putney to Mortlake on the Thames, either in June or early in July. They first challenged the same club to a six-oared race in American waters, but that was not accepted. One of the stipulations required by the Atalantas is that they row without any coxswain, while the Englishmen can carry one or not, at their pleasure.

On Everybody's Tongue.

Eulogiums of the great National Regenerator of Health, PLANTATION BITTERS, are on everybody's tongue. This gratuitous eulogy were advertising is better than all the paid-for puffing to which the owners of bogus bitters are obliged to resort. It has a spontaneous heartiness about it which carries conviction to the mind of the auditor. But it is a well-known fact that the proprietors of the PLANTATION BITTERS have never relied upon newspaper bolstering to establish the success of a preparation which owes its astonishing popularity mainly to the oral testimony of the thousands who have either experienced or been the eye-witness of the immense physical good it has wrought throughout the length and breadth of the land.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $2.50 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Fyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

WITHIN THE MAZE;

OR,

LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming," etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

ENGRAVINGS!

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character. They embrace beautiful pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections, illustrations of our Novelets and Stories, illustrations of the Fashions, (including cuts from which patterns for almost everything can be ordered at a low price,) illustrations of Ladies' Fancy work, etc.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most fashionable Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth the price of the magazine.

The Most Refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines!

In short, THE LADY'S FRIEND aims to be, and its proprietors think it is, the most refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines—*being in Cover, Engravings, and Contents just what a lady's magazine should be.*

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - - - - $2.00.
1 Copy of the Lady's Friend ($2) and 1 of The Saturday Evening Post ($2.50), for $4.00.

[Our *club* terms are the same as those of that old and popular paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—in order that the clubs may be made up of the magazine and paper conjointly when so desired.]

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 *Walnut Street, Philadelphia.*

Single Numbers 20 Cts. Specimen Copies (not current numbers) 15 Cts.

R. R. R.

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Cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain. **Radway's Ready Relief** is a cure for every pain. It was the first and is the only pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating Pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application. In from one to twenty minutes, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease, may suffer. Price 50 cents.

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Perfect Purgative Pills.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements, of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a Positive Cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO.,
sp23-tf 87 Maiden Lane, New York.

Sinking Slowly.

Diseases that progress rapidly to a crisis are not the only ones to be dreaded. Canker or dry rot does not blast a tree as suddenly as a stroke of lightning, but unless arrested it destroys it as certainly and in like manner chronic debility, although it does not kill with the swiftness of yellow fever, is as sure to sap the springs of life eventually as any acute disease, if not checked by invigorating medication. There is something inexpressibly touching in the spectacle of premature decay. Languor, pallor, emaciation, depression of spirits, and a distaste for exertion, are its ordinary symptoms, and they should be promptly met by tonic treatment. The best invigorant and exhilirant that can be administered in a case of this kind is HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. The stimulating principle of the preparation rouses the dormant energies of the system, and the strengthening and regulating properties give a permanent and healthful impulse to the vital forces thus brought into play. The failing appetite is reawakened, the process of digestion and assimilation are quickened, the quality of the blood is improved, the secretions become more natural, and every organ that contributes to the nourishment of the body undergoes salutary change. By these means the repair of the physical structure is effected and its health and vigor restored. In no class of diseases has the beneficent operation of the BITTERS been more marked and striking than in those characterized by general debility and nervous prostration. Ladies affected by these ailments find in this most wholesome of all tonics and correctives the safest and surest means of relief. It is strong to restore and powerless to injure. Such is the uniform testimony of "clouds of witnesses." feb3-1m

DR. S. S. FITCH

sends his **"Family Physician"** 90 pages, free by mail to any one. This book is to make any one their own doctor. Remedies are given for Thirty Diseases, which each person can prepare.

Send your direction to Dr. S. S. FITCH & SON, 714 Broadway, New York. may.8-1y

Grocers, Spice Dealers, and Druggists all sell Burnett's Standard Flavoring Extracts.

☞ A Southern paper advertises as follows: "Wanted, at this office, an able-bodied, hard-featured, bad-tempered, not-to-be-put-off and not-to-be-backed-down, freckled-faced young man to collect for this paper; must furnish his own horse, saddle bags, pistols, whiskey, bowie knife and cowhide. We will furnish the accounts. To such we promise constant and laborious employment."

OUR NEW DEPARTURE!

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HALF A CENTURY OLD.

ENTIRELY NEUTRAL IN POLITICS

That well-known literary weekly, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, having just completed its half-a-century of existence, has resolved to celebrate the event by

A NEW DEPARTURE.

The size of THE POST has therefore been enlarged fully ONE-THIRD, (containing 48 long columns,) and it is now both the

Largest and Cheapest of the Family Papers!

It will contain Novelets, Illustrated Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Answers to Correspondents, etc., etc., by the

ABLEST WRITERS

that can be procured—including Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, Amanda M. Douglas, Burr Thornbury, Ella Wheeler, August Bell, Clio Stanley, Captain Carnes, Lillie Devereux Blake, "Zig," Mrs. Fanny R. Feudge, Mrs. M. L. S. Burke, Eben E. Rexford, etc., etc., etc. ☞ It will be entirely NEUTRAL in politics.

NEW NOVELETS CONSTANTLY PUBLISHED.

New Novelets and Stories, long and short, are being continually published. Subscriptions, therefore, can begin at almost any time.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

As our enlarged paper will afford us the room, we shall devote about a column in every number to a summary of the most important and interesting news of the week.

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - $2.50.
One Copy of the Saturday Evening Post ($2.50) and One of the Lady's Friend ($2,00), for $4.00.

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Address H. PETERSON & CO.,
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SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

☞ Glashier, an æronaut, says that the voice of a woman can be heard in a balloon when at the height of two miles, while that of a man cannot be heard when higher than a mile.

☞ Mark Twain says: "I am different from Washington; I have a higher and a grander standard of principle. Washington could not lie. I can lie, but I won't."

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB. 24, 1872.

BACK NUMBERS.

We have still on hand back numbers to the first of the year, containing the early chapters of "The Swamp Outlaws," &c.

THE TOMB OF CAIN.

By dint of sheer struggling with hands and feet, we reached the summit of Mount Salahiyeh, near Damascus, at last, and sat down to look about us. Right up to the very bases of the mountains, on either side, extends a perfect sea of vegetation, through the dark glossy green of which, like a silver thread, winds the clear stream of the Abana; and here and there above the clustering leaves rise shining cupolas and tall white towers, while in the centre of all lies the imperial city, her low massive walls and tapering minarets showing dazzlingly white in the glorious sunshine, and the mighty dome of the Great Mosque crowning the whole. In the transparent atmosphere of that wonderful sky, everything is brought near to our eyes as if by magic; the little suburb which we left behind a weary hour ago, appears to lie under our very feet, while the swarthy Arabs, who are crawling like black ants along the broad white road, seem as distant as if but a few hundred yards off. In all my travels I have seen nothing to compare with that view, except, perhaps, the panorama of Moscow from the Sparrow Hills; and if the City of the Czars has the advantage in barbaric splendor of coloring, Damascus certainly stands alone in beauty of site and splendid luxuriance of vegetation.

From this glorious panorama we turn away, reluctantly, to glance at the little square tower of stone that rises beside us, marked by tradition as the grave of the first murderer. Childish and impossible as the legend is, it here assumes an air of solemn reality. Where that miserable life drew to a close, none but God can say; but in all the earth it could have found no fitter spot for its ending. To me, at least, there is a weird grandeur in the thought of the lonely homicide looking down forever from this bleak mountain top, bare and desolate as his own blasted existence, upon the earthly paradise which he might not enter; and watching, through the countless ages, the red torrent which he had let loose gradually overspreading the whole earth. Could his fierce spirit be pleased by deeds of blood, few spots on the earth's surface have witnessed more of such than this quiet beautiful valley, from the hour when Hazael stole on tiptoe to spread "a thick cloth, dipped in water," over his master's face, to that fatal night, eleven years ago, when ten thousand armed murderers came howling round the Christian quarter of Damascus. And now, over the graves of the countless slain, the grass grows fresh and green, and the grasshoppers sport in the sunshine and the waters ripple in the shadow of waving trees, as if there was neither sin nor sorrow in the world. Below, all is life and beauty, and enjoyment; above, all is silence, and ruggedness, and desolation; a fit spot whereon to realize the grim belief of the red Man, that the souls of the wicked are led to the summit of a rocky ridge, whence they behold the good far below them, dwelling in shining tents, and chasing shadowy herds of buffalo over the ever fertile prairies of the spirit-land; while *they*, after one last despairing look at the joys which they can never share, are driven back to wander forever among the barren mountains, tortured by the eternal agony of thirst and hunger.

THE LEGENDS AND EMBLEMS OF THE ROSES.

There is an old legend which says that Eve brought the Rose out of Eden with her. It has always been a favorite flower with the Jews, and Solomon likens Christ to the Rose of Sharon. In later times the Rose of Jericho has usurped the place of affection so long held by that of Sharon. This rose is a native of Arabia Petræa, and opens only in fine weather. It also possesses in a remarkable degree a reviving power, and can recover its life when to all appearance dead; hence the Jews use it as a symbol of the resurrection. A Mexican plant, possessing the same wonderful tenacity of life, is constantly for sale on the streets of New York; so that many must have become familiar with this phenomenon. The White Rose has always been sacred to the Virgin Mary, and mingled with the cross it was the device of Luther and also of the Rosicrucians (*sub rosa crux.*) The Red Rose is the emblem of love and also of silence, because Cupid gave it to Harpocrates, the god of silence, in order to bribe him not to reveal any of the indiscretions of his mother; hence it was often placed over the doors of guest rooms, to signify that perfect freedom of conversation might be indulged "under the rose," for nothing so said was to be repeated. And as stratagem delights in silence as well as love, the Romans placed it on their shields. Over Greek, Roman and Chinese graves it is a frequent emblem, and the Turks will not suffer a red one to lie on the ground since the days it was colored by the blood of Mohammed. The Arabians have a legend of a garden of roses planted by King Shaddad, and now buried in the desert, which is analogous in many respects to the garden of Eden. Throughout Southern and central Europe it is used in love spells and divination. One common German superstition is to name rose leaves and then throw them into a basin of clean water. The leaf which sinks last is to be the husband or wife of the inquirer. Another superstition is to throw rose leaves on to hot coals; the burning fragrance is thought to attract good fortune. White roses blooming at an unexpected time are believed in England to denote a death in the family of the owner, and red ones a marriage. As the lily is the emblem of France, so the rose is of England, where it assumes more of an historical than sacred character.

WHAT TO DO IN EMERGENCIES.

If a person falls in a fit, and begins to snore loudly, with a very red face, it is apoplexy. Let him be seated so as to favor the blood going downwards, away from the head; apply cold cloths to the head, or cushions of equal quantities of snow or pounded ice and common salt. If the person is perfectly still, face pale, and there is no perceptible breathing, it is a fit of fainting. Do not touch him, except to loosen the clothing; then keep off five or ten feet distant, so as to allow the air to come in; make no noise, and there will very soon be a calm, quiet return to consciousness and life, for it is only a momentary cessation of the circulation of the blood to the head. But suppose there is a very violent motion of the hands and feet, and all sorts of bodily contortions, it is epilepsy. Let the man contort until he is tired; you can't hold him still; all your efforts only tend to aggravate the trouble and to exhaust the strength; all that ought to be done is to keep the unfortunate from hurting himself. There is no felt suffering, for as soon as he comes to he will tell you that he remembers nothing whatever of what has passed, appears to be the only calm and self-possessed person in the whole crowd, and is apparently as perfectly well as before the occurrence. Dizziness often comes on instantaneously, and we begin to reel before we know it. Shut the eyes, whether you are walking along the street, looking over a precipice, ascending a ladder, or climbing to a ship's masthead; the fear of dizziness disappears instantly if you look upward.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

COUSINS—HOW GIRLS USE THEM.

How beautiful is the relation of cousins, when one is one of those relations himself! But how impertinent does it seem when one sees it in others! That bewitching familiarity—that open look of confiding pleasure with which the creature for whose single smile one would give his little finger, presses a hand or leans on the shoulder of a man who is neither brother, husband, nor lover! Of all the weapons woman has to use, to check or to lead on suitors too backward or too hasty, a cousin is the surest and the best. If she would pique us, she may flirt with him for a whole season, and no one need make any remark; nor are her pretensions to the perfect heroine in an after "first love" compromised. If she would flatter us, she may sympathize with us as we laugh at his awkwardness, or lead us on to caricature any of his failings; and the useful being still remains her friend; and we may not complain that he is called on in preference to us in any emergency, because he is a cousin.

THE VASTNESS OF LONDON.

According to the last census London has a population of 3,883,092. This is more than the combined population of New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Chicago, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Boston, New Orleans, San Francisco, Buffalo, and Alleghany City, Pa. To lodge this vast multitude, 777,000 dwellings are required; and the people consume annually about 4,480,000 barrels of flour, 420,000 bullocks, 2,975,000 sheep, 49,000 calves, 61,250 hogs—and one market alone supplies annually 7,043,750 head of game. This, together with 5,200,000 salmon, besides other fish and flesh, is washed down by 75,000,000 gallons of ale and porter, 3,500,000 gallons of spirits, and 113,750 pipes of wine; 22,750 cows are required to supply the daily consumption of milk. The streets of the metropolis are about 2900 in number and if put together, would extend about 4000 miles. They are lighted by 630,000 lamps, consuming every twenty-four hours 22,270,000 cubic feet of gas. The water system supplies 77,670,824 gallons daily; while the sewer system carries off 16,629,770 cubic feet of refuse matter. A fleet of 1800 sail is employed irrespective of railroads, in bringing annually 5,250,000 tons of coal. Bituminous coal is exclusively used—and the smoke arising from this immense quantity is said to be so dense that it can be seen thirty-five miles from the city. To clothe the inhabitants requires 4100 tailors, 50,400 boot and shoe makers, and nearly 70,000 dressmakers and milliners.

Berlin, according to the recent census, has a population of 828,013. Paris, in 1867, the year of the Exposition Universelle, 1,889,462. And Constantinople, in 1864, 1,075,000.

WISHING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ETHEL DANE.

I.

A child at play one summer day,
Was idly watching the sea,
Old time on the wing, his song did sing,
As he swept along the lea.
"From life's fair bowers and golden hours
In childhood happy and bright,
Make choice I pray without delay
Of what will bring delight."

II.

The fair young girl with golden curl,
Thought not of life's great store—
"I wish," said she, in playful glee,
"The shells from this beautiful shore."
She stooped to reach from the pebbly beach,
But the waves with dash and leap,
Swept each bright shell as they rose and fell,
Far out in the watery deep.

III.

A maid one night in soft twilight
Kept murmuring her wishes three—
"A form of grace, a lovely face,
And a fair belle's reign for me."
But her form grew thin, her eyes waxed dim,
And her face grew wrinkled and old,
The beauties reign was all in vain,
For it never of duty told.

IV.

Thus oft we find in womankind,
Of life-work they ne'er dream;
But beauty's crown, or the last new gown,
Will be their constant theme.
Shall we wonder then that the hearts of men
Are hardened in sin and e time,
When women yield their royal shield,
And in folly pass their time?

V.

We wish for a shell, but the ocean's swell
Sweeps the bauble far out of view;
A stately grace, fair form, fair face,
Forgetting what time will do.
For beauty will fade from the fairest maid,
And bloom from the cheek depart,
The lustrous eye be dimmed by-and-by,
When death shall pierce each heart.

VI.

Let us wish for grace, to keep us in place,
As we tread through earth's valley of tears—
For our faith grows weak, and our lips scarce speak,
For the woe of the passing years.
When our race is run, our life-work done,
Let us wish that the Father of Love,
Will forgive us the past, and accept us at last
In His home in the bright realms above.

GOSSIP FOR LADIES.

THE CITY FASHIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR POST.—I hear from reliable authority that the fashion of close fitting sleeves is coming to us again, and that the style is advocated by dames *passées* who dare not risk the shoulder-strap business, but who nevertheless are in possession of beautiful arms, and want to show them to the best advantage possible. It isn't a bad idea is it? I do not blame them, for after wives, old maids, or widows, have passed the ——well, poets I suppose would call it the rubicon, but not being a poet, I will say the imaginary line that separates careless youth from thoughtful middle age, they have few enough charms in their possession goodness knows, and it would be a hard law that would prohibit them from making the most of such as they may have chanced to save from the general wreck. They say the wife of a wealthy banker started the style, and that at a recent social gathering the sleeves of her rich black silk were so closely fitted to her perfectly moulded arms as to require buttons to the elbow, and that notwithstanding she was surrounded by butterflies of fashion in all the beauty of flowing sleeves, puffed sleeves, and no sleeves, her quiet, unobtrusive, yet perfectly neat and becoming attire was the admiration of everybody present, while the exquisite symmetry of her wondrous arms won such worlds of encomiums from the sterner sex that half the girls went home angry, and now threaten to break off their engagements. And this same lady wore a train dress plain, without sash or overskirt. I should liked to have seen her, for in this day of dress and flounce, and paniers and streamers, she must in her pretty plainness have been,

"A sight to dream of, not to tell!"

It must have been a relief to tired eyes to look upon that graceful form, and feel that it did not owe its beauty to the skill and ingenuity of Madame Modiste; to know that her "loveliness needed not the foreign aid of ornament, but was, when unadorned, adorned the most."

I suppose if she had been a blushing belle of twenty—come to think, they don't blush at that age, let us say a *gushing* belle of twenty—she would have bared those lovely arms and not concealed that beautoous neck, while the pretty contour of her lithe form would have been lost in voluminous clouds of drapery. But she was nearer forty than twenty, and wisdom had she gained with years. She had learned the art of growing old gracefully, and even on her downward path could take all hearts captive. I heard no mention of it, but I presume added to the plain costume, there was at neck and wrists some pretty garniture of costly lace, and at the throat some jewel sufficiently priceless to show at once to what high order of society she belonged.

But to change the subject, we find among late importations fine soft foulards of pure flexible silk; these are in chintz and cashmere patterns, and are designed for those "Dolly Varden" Polonnaises that everybody unites in condemning, but which everybody get and wears and wouldn't do without for any money. And they are awfully cunning and pretty on some. A little woman with a fair share of natural charms in a "Dolly Varden" is an out and out angel—and she knows it every time.

But you take one of those queenly creatures, one of the Cleopatra—or, to be more modern, the Mansfield stripe, and put a "Dolly Varden" on her, and she looks like ——well, I won't make a comparison; but if I was husband to such an one and she appeared before me in a costume of that kind I'd petition for a divorce at once, and feel that I had just cause and provocation.

Talk about incompatibility of temper, and eating onions, and cold feet!

I could stand any, or all of them, and more, but there is a limit to human endurance; and I think if the great big woman that I loved, the June to whom I had entrusted the pearl of my affections, the being in whom I could see no fault, save that she was too heavy to hold on my lap long at a time, I say if she should commence perambulating the domestic domicile in a costume of that kind, I should think the sooner a separation took place the sooner I should recover that peace of mind that is every man's birthright.

For Spring, calicoes, cretonnes and chintz goods are being prepared in great quantities, and no doubt the "Dolly Varden" costume will be exceedingly popular; and if it and all other fashions can be confined to those to whom they are becoming, we shall have a better state of things and less grumbling among those whose province it is to write up the styles as they see them. Gay striped French calicoes are now offered at 30 and 40 cents a yard. The real Dolly Varden patterns, a dark ground with vines and flowers in natural colors, are more expensive.

Black silk aprons, unmade, are a pretty novelty in the shops, and one that will be well received by the fashionable public. Aprons for house wear have all along been looked upon as a pretty accessory to home toilet; but the little ovals of white Swiss, with trimming of blue or scarlet ribbon under Valenciennes, were quite too frail as well as too expensive to come into general use. Nearly everybody possessed one or more of these pretty trifles, but they laid them tenderly away in the bureau and covered them with tissue paper that they might not be soiled, so that in reality they were of no practical use. The silk aprons exhibited are not much more expensive, and there is an odor of substantiality about them that will go far toward rendering them popular. The aprons are wrought around the edge and the pockets with white or colored silk embroidery. And the average price is $5.

Another new idea, and evidently Parisian, is the crape fichu, to throw over the shoulders in the house. It is made of a square of China crepe edged with fringe; they are usually of palo pink or blue, and are most frequently worn with black silk dresses. The square is simply doubled over in a point and tied negligently in front. Similar neckerchiefs of silk are worn in the street on bright sunny days, when the pretty promenader thinks it safe to leave her furs at home.

Breakfast caps are more fashionable than ever, and are worn in fashionable life from grandma down to the youngest matron. These, as worn by youthful wives, are very piquant and becoming, being merely a little ruche of rich lace with knots of ribbon, and are used for ornament only. Widows have caps of a different shape, with a large crown that covers the entire chignon, and effectually conceals the most tastefully-arranged hair, which is almost too bad, as there are widows who can boast no other beauty. However, there is no law against their laying the cap off now and then for a little while, and if they are wise they will take advantage of times and seasons. Fine white crape, tarlatan, or crape lisse, is the material for widows' caps.

Parting the hair on the side is another vagary of fashion, and is very becoming to some faces—some of those pretty ones that nothing can spoil, but to the majority it gives an expression of coarseness and masculinity, and looks quite as much out of character as it does for a gentleman to part his hair in the middle. It gives to the meekest face an expression of independence, not to say obstinacy, and those adopting the fashion would very probably be supposed to belong to the woman's rights party, or to the grand army of spiritual mediums.

There is a new shoe in market also, and I'm told by dealers that it is going to carry everything before it—whatever that may mean. It is not a very high boot, in fact it is more properly a *shoe*, only everybody has become accustomed to talking about their boots that to call them anything else seems improper. This, however, buttons up on the outside of the foot to the ankle—does not cover it, and those who have worn it say that it gives much more freedom, and is less tiresome than the high "Wellingtons" that were supposed to afford such support. The chief difference between this shoe and others lately worn, however, lies in the toe, which is the roundest, smallest little conceit ever seen, and would seem to give credence to the report that ladies are having their little toes shaved off, regarding them as an absurd superfluity of nature. It certainly would have the effect of making for them a very small foot, and if they have got to thrust their *pieds* into these sinfully narrow-toed shoes that are now exhibited as the correct thing for ladies' wear, I don't know but it is a very good idea; for barbarous as it seems, it is certainly more merciful than doubling them up as the present style of shoe would necessitate. However, until we see what is positively going to happen, until we are certain beyond doubt that these narrow shoes are the only things to be had, it will be best to keep quiet. I am no advocate of extreme measures, and I would advise the readers of THE POST not to amputate just yet.

Yours truly, OLIVE KING.

COURT ETIQUETTE.

The following illustration is given of etiquette in the time of Louis XV. In the queen's apartment there were two chambers. One day the queen saw a speck of dust on her bed and showed it to Madame de Luynes her maid of honor. The latter sent for the *valet de chambre*, bedmaker to the queen, that he might show it to the *valet de chambre*, bedmaker to the king. The latter arrived at the end of an hour, but said that the dust was none of his business because the bedmakers of the king made up the common bed of the queen, but were forbideen to touch the state bed. Consequently the dust must be removed by the officers of the household. The queen gave orders that they should be sent for, and every day for two months she asked if the dust had been brushed off, but they had not yet found out whose duty it was to remove the speck. Finally the queen took up a feather duster and brushed it off. Great was the scandal thereof, but no one dreamed of blaming the absence of the officers; they only found that the queen had been wanting in etiquette.

TIME.

Beneath me flows the Rhine, and, like the stream of time, it flows amid the ruins of the past. I see myself therein, and know that I am old. Thou, too, shalt be old. Be wise in season. Like the stream of thy life runs the stream beneath us. Down from the distant Alps, out into the wide world, it bursts away, like a youth from the house of his father. Broad-breasted and strong, and with earnest endeavors, like manhood, it makes itself a way through these difficult mountain-passes. And at length, in old age, it falters, and its steps are weary and slow, and it sinks into the sand, and through its grave passes into the great ocean, which is its eternity. Thus shall it be with thee.—*Longfellow.*

CHARM OF FLOWERS.

Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity. Children love them; quiet, tender, contented, ordinary people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered. They are the cottager's treasure; and in the crowded town, mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers, in whose hearts rests the covenant of peace. To the child and the girl, to the peasant and manufacturing operative, to the grisette and the nun, the lover and monk, they are precious always.—*Ruskin.*

YOUNG JAPAN.—The Emperor of Japan is reported to be—and certainly he has the best reasons for being—the most jolly man in his realms. After living for four years in the strict observance of the puerile formalities attached by ancient custom to his rank, he has suddenly emancipated himself, and rushes into society exactly like the young heir just come into his property. He drives four-in-hand, wears an European costume, drinks champagne, and, save the mark, tells anecdotes of the *corps de ballet* with considerable vivacity and cleverness. Quite civilized in short.

☞ Last Christmas some unknown hand placed on the tomb of Charles Dickens, in Westminster Abbey, a wreath of holly, mistletoe and laurel.

☞ Hafiz, the Persian poet, says: "Every man has in his heart a chaplet of eggs, each of which contains a love; in order to make these eggs hatch, it needs only the glance of a woman."

LITTLE CHINCHILLA.

A SKATING SONG.

She wears the shortest skirts,
And shows the whitest frilling;
She looks, as Queen of Flirts,
Miraculously killing!
She'll skim the thinnest ice,
As light as Queen Camilla;
She looks supremely nice—
My little pet Chinchilla.

Oh, should the gracious fates
But deign to be propitious,
I'd strap her fairy skates
On furry boots delicious;
Her willing hand I'd take,
In spite of Aunt Priscilla,
Then speed I o'er the lake
With little love Chinchilla!

The daintiest of doves,
With roses on her real-skin,
With tiny hands in gloves
Made of the softest seal-skin;
A gossamer white "cloud"
She wears like a mantilla;
I'm soon lost in the crowd,
With little sweet Chinchilla!

The warmth of her regard
I take as a sort of token;
Although 'tis freezing hard,
Our social ice is broken!
Coquettish in her fun,
She minds not my mantilla,
Ah! what a glance is here,
My little dear Chinchilla!

She'll figure, glide and twirl,
And worry the officials;
She'll cut out every girl
As easy as initials!
Oh, I could skate for miles,
Or dance a sequidilla,
Cheered by the sunny smiles
Of little smart Chinchilla!

Had I enough a year
To find my sweetie sable,
To wrap my dainty dear
In ermine were I able;
Had I a longer purse,
A neat suburban villa,
For better or for worse,
I'd take my pet Chinchilla!

FAIR WOMEN.

The tall, dark, formidable-looking woman of fiction, who is equal to any crime you like to name, and whose very presence inspires all beholders with fear or repulsion, has had her day. A generation ago virtue and blue eyes were as inseparable as vice and black ones, angelhood and golden locks went together, and demonism and raven tresses, as surely as sweetness accompanies sugar and bitterness follows after all: a pink and white complexion was held to include all the feminine graces, just as a dark one was eloquent of all possible human sinfulness; and, given a commanding presence, you might be sure of high treason or homicide, while a paucity of inches betokened a suffering martyr chastised for crimes not her own, and bearing like a saint the evils laid on her by sinners. We have changed all that now. When we open one of the books wherein our youths and maidens learn their first lessons of life—as it is not—and we come upon a heroine with yellow hair, marvelous eyes of greenish hue, small waist, shapely hands, and stunted if symmetrical growth, we may settle ourselves comfortably to an after-narrative of horrors; to a case or two of secret poisoning; or a bolder murder, with the chances of exposure by a full-grown witness hidden where only an owl could hide; while bigamy will be thrown in to give the right flavor of impropriety, or perhaps, for a diversion, a marriage of that kind known to the French as "of the thirteenth arrondissement." The fair-haired heroines of modern novels have now the monopoly of all the vices, crimes—and diamonds involved; the former typical brigandess is shelved, while the chestnut-headed girls are relegated to virtue and patience, and mildness and despair, and the loss of their lovers through the machinations of the too-fascinating and immoral blondes. It is all the difference, say the analytical novel writers, between iron and carbon, electricity and brute matter; and they give the preference to the fomer for that queer manifestation of character they call Force.

Well, perhaps there is something in the theory, though it may be carried too far. Given a fair woman with dark, or even light hazel eyes, aquiline features, a narrow forehead, and great width between her ears, all enhanced by a nervous temperament—which is a different thing from nervousness—and we have the type of the Borgia, whence we may reasonably expect something more than would be possible to the lymphatic, conventional British matron, whose worst sins are peevish humors, and whose wildest pleasure is a box at the theatre at Christmas time, with all her little ones about her. Society goes pretty smoothly between its ordained banks so far as we can see, but we are all aware of the difference between reality and appearance, and if we do not know the precise strength of the under-current, we all know that there *is* an under-current, and that many lives which look quite calm and respectable on the outside are turbulent and unrestrained enough below. So it is with your fair women of a certain type; creatures who might have sat to Guido for his angels, but whose souls are as the soul of Lilith and of Melusine—the Borgias and the Brinvilliers of historic crimes, the "modern Messalinas" of present life. Who does not know these women—whose secret doings are whispered about from friend to friend, for all there is no Asmodeus, happily for them, to render roofs transparent—who go about well-lighted drawing-rooms looking much like other people, save that they are perhaps more careful of observances, and, when they give utterance to their opinions, express an edifying strictness of morality which puts the very matron herself on the list of the careless encouragers of vice? Weak as their rootlets are, they still keep their place among the honest and the honorable—perhaps because of their husband's place—people all silently combining to so much kindly hypocrisy as includes their formal acceptance, though none of the better sort care for more than this. In society, as it is called, these frail fair women are always surrounded by men, and by men only. They are both disliked and dreaded by other women, and they return the feeling. Between them and the rest, in that dreadful hour of up-stairs retirement, from the last glass of claret to the first cup of tea, there is a visible but unspoken enmity. They are left alone in their blonde beauty to practice glances and gestures till the men come up; or if any one goes over to speak to them, it is a woman of like nature but of less daring than themselves, or an innocent who does not know the goats of the drawing-room from its sheep. Sometimes they make a friend of one of these innocents, whose eyes they blind, and whose imagination they dazzle, and whose time and talents they use to fetch and carry, as monkeys are said to use poor pussy's paws for the safe gathering-in of roasted chestnuts. Keener-sighted women shrink from the fair siren; but then these are poor spiritless dowdies—that object of ridicule, the British matron; so what does it matter to the brave and untrammeled free dame what they say?

There are times in almost all lives when we have to come to a stand up fight. Not necessarily with fists—that is brutal, and among gentlewomen impossible; nor with words—that is vulgar; but with acts, with deeds, with foresight and circumvention, which is a keener and a more difficult kind of thing. But take a dark-haired woman with red, fleshy lips, broad eyebrows, a blunt nose, and a formidable look generally; let her be as tall as a grenadier and as strong as a man; and pit her against a keen, fair-haired, thin-lipped, and high-nosed little woman; and your black-browed giantess will be nowhere in the fight. She will be overcome, however unscrupulous she may be, and however violent, as certainly as a thin line of steel can pin an elephant to the ground. The most resolute woman I know is a fair-haired woman, of easy going temperament feminine build, and charming manner; her good temper is imperturbable, her will unyielding, her moral courage dauntless, her resources—in a fight—inexhaustible, her devices for baffling her opponents and gaining important positions of the most marvelous fertility. She has not her match in any of the qualities which insure success in a mortal combat of wits and will; yet she has not a feature that betrays her nature, save a certain unusual steadiness of eye; and we might also except her hands, which are of fair size, shapely, and with taper fingers, but with the palm of a strong man.

Again, the most cruel woman I know is a fair woman, with hazel eyes, a soft but not sweet-toned voice, a caressing manner, a good shape; but her hands are large and broad, and her fingers thick and spatulous. Given the opportunity, and this woman would have been a Borgia; she would have smiled while she poured the poison in the cup; she would have caressed her victim in his dying agonies; she would have shed tears with the widow of the man she had just executed; and with the blood on her hand still wet, she would have maintained her fond affection for, and denied that she had ever harbored an evil thought against, those she had sacrificed to her hate or to her fears.

And the most audacious woman I know is a fair woman—a woman whose every look has a hidden meaning, whose every word is capable of two interpretations, a woman whom nothing can abash, and to whom no one can teach reverence. But if you were to speak of her with her pearly skin, her flaxen, silky hair, her long, light fringe of eyelash, and her scarcely defined line of eyebrow, you would say she was emphatically a human lily, and you would expect from her only the sweetest and most gracious tenderness and reticence and modesty. As it is—!

Talk of the courage of your masculinely moulded women, with their breadth of shoulder and their development of muscle! Nothing on earth equals the courage of a small, wiry, and intense blonde! She is irrepressible, and the chains that can bind her have yet to be forged. In a public place the women whom you see setting at defiance every rule of the police are the two opposite poles—the dense and heavy British matron and the pert, small blonde. The first takes her place and keeps it, and nothing but main force can put her out, and as it would take a great deal of main force, she is generally allowed to stay; the last leaps over barriers, dives under ropes, pounces on places that do not belong to her, slips by the check-taker, and laughs in the face of those who come to dislodge her. Or if she does not laugh, she tightens her lips and says, "I shan't move!" and leaves you to find your remedy. What can you do? You may have conquered an Indian fort, and have marched up to the cannon's mouth with as quiet a pulse as if you had been going to the mess dinner; but the fair-haired little woman, who has your seat and who refuses to give it up, is beyond you, and even your Victoria cross cannot inspire you to her removal. In the end she triumphs, as she knew she should; and you retire discomfited, shut out from what you had paid your two guineas to see, while the audacious little blonde enjoys for five shillings the full worth of your outlay.

To be sure, all fair women are not of this intense kind, and there are the doves of old-time romance yet extant; blue-eyed, tender, timid, virginal; who blush much, hold the creed of "shocking," and who would be as incapable of the sins to which their more "electrical" sisters are prone as a child would be incapable of carrying the weight of a man. But we are bound to say that these doves are comparatively rare, while the hawks with golden wings are more abounding, and blondes "without salt" less numerous than blondes with too much.

The painted wheel of fashion will take a turn before long. After having flooded our *salons*—and saloons—with every shade of fairness from pure flaxen to fiery red, with all the intermediate shades of gold, both pale and ruddy—after having caused many a once luxuriantly tressed girl to weep in secret over her faded handful of broken hairs, and to grow furious at the horrid falsehoods her hair-dresser told when he sold her that golden fluid, and swore by all his gods (of the curling-tongs) that it would do no harm—after having made brunettes blondes, and born blondes insupportable in their self-complacency—we shall come round again to the passionate and flashing brunette; unless, indeed, we give the "strong blondes" a turn, the brown-haired women of the true English type. But they are too numerous to be particularized; wherefore the choice must still be between the true blonde and the brunette—the face of an angel and a soul as of Lilith, with the look of a brigandess and the heart of a Una; or the brunette with passions and crimes as dark as her skin, and the blonde once more the human Dove and Lily.

BABIES.

We love little babies, and love everybody who does love babies. No man has music in his soul who don't love babies. Babies were made to be loved—especially girl babies when they grow up. A man isn't worth a shuck who hasn't a baby, and the same rule applies to woman. A baby is spring day in winter—a ray of sunshine in frigid winter—and if it is healthy and good-natured, and it's yours, it is a bushel of sunshine, no matter how cold the weather. A man cannot be a hopeless case as long as he loves babies one at a time. We love babies all over, no matter how dirty they are. Babies were born to be dirty. We love babies because they are babies, and because their mothers were loveable and lovely women. Our love for babies is bounded by the number of babies in the world. We always look for babies—we do—with anxiety and paternal affection. We do!—indeed we do! We always have sorrowful feelings for women that have no babies, and don't expect any. Women always look down-hearted who have no babies; and men who have no babies always gamble, and drink whiskey, and stay out at nights trying to get music in their souls; but they can't come it. Babies are babies, and nothing can take their places. Pianos play out, and good living plays out, and sweet tempers play out, and beauty plays out, unless there's a baby in the house. We've tried it! We know; and we say there's nothing like a baby!—*Exchange.*

AMONG Januschak's jewels is a diamond ring valued at $18,000; a diamond cross, with chain, $16,000, presented by the Emperor of Russia; diamond ear-rings, from the King of Holland, $2,300; rubies and pearls, from the Queen of Wurtemburg, $7000; locket set with diamonds, very valuable; bracelets, from the King of Bavaria, set with five diamonds, $10,000; diamond cross, from an American gentleman, $8000; emeralds, from the King of Greece, carbuncle, diamonds, ear-rings, and locket from a Turkish minister.

☞ A Paris letter writer says the bearing of M. Gustave Dore, the greatest artist of the present century, is as simple and unpretentious as that of a child, while the calm look in his lustrous eye points to the infinite. He purposes visiting America before long in order to sketch a series of American landscapes.

"WAITING."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. MARY R. KAIL.

I am waiting, I am waiting,—
Fondly waiting for my sweet,—
Where the evening shadows gather
For the coming of his feet.
Where daisies white are blooming,
Like drifts of fragrant snow,
Where my darling knelt beside me—
In the years long ago.

In my soul his kisses linger,
With his voice so sweet and low,
And the fond "good-by," he whispered,
When he told me he "must go."
Will the holy angels guard him—
As they never did before!
While alone I wait the coming
Of his footsteps at the door.

May my prayers to heaven ascending,
Hopeful, trusting, pure, and true—
Bring to him a benediction—
Gentle as the falling dew.
And the white sail proudly gleaming
Out upon Love's shimmering sea—
In kind answer to my pleading—
Bring my darling back to me.

THE PEARL OF SUNNYSIDE.

BY PIERCE EGAN.

CHRISTMAS EVE!

A cloudless, brilliant, violet-tinted sky, an over-arching vault of blue, diamond-studded; a pale, yellow-tinted—nay, almost pearl-white—horizon, abruptly bordered by purple hills and tree-crested ridges.

A plantation of tall, dark pines forming innumerable aisles and avenues—a wider sinuous track than any of the others leads up to an old—very old—gray, moss-tinged church, which may be seen through the openings left by the irregularities of the almost too regular stark stems shooting up skyward, and elevating their gloomy, shaggy heads above all the other belts of trees in the vicinity.

Frost is on the pathway, corruscating and glittering with myriad sparkles; it shines on the limbs, the branches, the twigs of the leafless trees, it gleams and glistens upon every spray, upon every leaflet of the brushwood, upon the stalks and flags of wild plants, upon every tiny blade of grass, silvering all alike with the same delicate soft white sheen.

In this pathway leading to the old church trips a young girl of seventeen. Sweet seventeen! Such a pretty seventeen was she, too. Large eyes, large brown antelope eyes; brown, but very dark brown eyebrows; and eye-lashes long enough to shroud her eyes when she looked downward, and yet curl upward, too.

Bright as were her eyes naturally, they were brighter still in the crisp, sharp, cold air, and if it were not for the pleasant smile on her small, coral lips, it might have been imagined that some inward sorrow had brought tears there.

And cosily enclosed in a warm mantle, her white little, soft little, dear little glove-covered hands hidden away in a small chinchilla muff, her robes looped up just enough to show—but not done with that intention—a charming pair of boots, so *petite*, you wondered by what magic a young maiden could transport her feet into them, this young, enchanting creature glided onward like a timid doe.

Not that she was a bit frightened, for she knew of nothing—thought of nothing—which should terrify her. Her own thoughts were too pure for that. Her religious training had been too well ordered to admit a superstitious thought, and the world in which she had lived much too circumscribed for her to have experience of the sin and wickedness, a knowledge of which would make her heart beat affrightedly when alone in a lone spot.

Yet of a sudden she came to a standstill, and her heart began to leap and to beat tumultuously; an abrupt turn of the winding path beneath the tall firs, amid the black crest of which the wind rapidly rising had begun to moan sadly, disclosed to her the figure of a man standing, at some little distance before her, in the gray mist surrounding the lower portion of the pine stems.

She looked straight at him for a moment, stopped short, and her eyes sought the ground at her feet, while her heart, as we have said, increased its action to an almost painful extent.

Yet she was not frightened—not exactly frightened—no, unquestionably not frightened. Still she felt that emotion which has all the outward symptoms of fright, but, as all young maidens of her age and similarly placed know, is nothing of the sort.

She trembled from head to toe, fluttered, as it were, all over, felt a kind of cold faintness, nevertheless by no means a disagreeable sensation, and found for the moment that her breath came and went rapidly, as if she had been attempting to get over the ground a little too quickly.

The oddest thing was that she knew at a glance who owned the figure in the mist. She knew at once, unexpected as the apparition certainly was to her, that it was no ghost, no phantom, but actually young Temple Forde, the son of lawyer Forde, practicing in the little town of Sunnyside, who was articled to his father, in the expectation of becoming a rich man one day, but at present was of very moderate means.

Temple was just two years older than "sweet seventeen," and fair—fairer, at least, than she; had fawn-skin colored hair, with dark eybrows and lashes, while his eyes were as blue as the lake of Geneva towards eventide, and he was unquestionably exceedingly handsome. There was that rose-blush on his cheek, and the soft, dreamy look in his intense blue eyes, which young damsels are apt to call lovely, and think so too.

This couple had known each other for some years—not exactly familiarly—and had not thought much about each other until they had reached the age when "thinking about each other" became a little dangerous. Then he began to consider that there might be somewhere in a remote region a young girl as pretty as Amy Templeton, who had latterly, unconsciously to herself, achieved the cognomen of the Pearl of Sunnyside; but until he saw her with his own eyes he would not believe it.

Whatever Amy's thoughts about youths in remote regions might have been, she instinctively believed that in the vicinity of Sunnyside there was no young gentleman comparable with Temple Forde.

Nevertheless, their opinions had not assumed anything like a public announcement of their convictions. Temple already too highly revered the object of his admiration to even breathe her name in the ear of his most refined and romantic companion, and if there was one subject more than another stowed away down in the hiddenmost recess of Amy's secret mind, it was the estimation in which she held the personal qualifications of Temple Forde.

They always met at church; they had occasionally met at some neighbors' houses, but not to be very sociable. Mr. Forde, the elder, had, a few years previously, brought an action of trespass against Mr. Templeton, who was steward to the Marquis of Truesbury, and had succeeded in casting Mr. Templeton in rather heavy damages. The more vexing was this to Mr. Templeton because he had exceeded the marquis's instructions in the proceeding, and the marquis, who was a harsh, stern man, made him pay Lawyer Forde's bill.

It may be imagined, therefore, that Mr. Templeton and Mr. Forde were not on good terms, and they did not throw their children in each other's way.

Nevertheless when at church Amy would find her eyes sometimes wander from the old rector's venerable face to the lustrous blue orbs of Temple Forde, and then she would detect that those orbs were settled on her face—had been—oh, she could not tell how long, and she did not dare acknowledge to herself how long she thought. So up sprang a rosy flush to cheek and forehead, and a hurried examination of the binding of her church-service. While Temple would, like a flash of lightning, become scarlet from throat to the crown of his head, as if he were roasting under a tropical sun.

When they accidentally met, their eyes certainly met too, and she would hurry onward "all of a tremble," and he—it is not possible to describe his thrilling. He knew that no human pen could do it.

But now on this Christmas Eve they were on the point of meeting alone!

Hitherto Amy's eldest sister Hylda had always accompanied her in her walks; but this evening she was engaged, and Amy had set out on a little mission she had undertaken alone.

No other living being than themselves was in sight, and Amy, almost suffocating with new, strange, delicious emotions, stood for the instant irresolute.

Would he speak to her, and if he did ought she to reply to him? Would he offer to escort her—and if so, ought she to permit him? What course ought to be the correct one? She did not wish to err, indeed, intentionally she would not—but it would grieve her tender little heart greatly if she were to act to him in any seeming rude way.

He solved the question for her.

In an instant he stood before her, he caught her right hand, and withdrew it from her muff. He placed within it a parcel enveloped in silver paper, white as the frost which surrounded her.

"Amy!" he murmured, in a rich, tremulous, soft, low voice. "*For my sake!*"

He looked earnestly, pleadingly, passionately, into her eyes, and in another moment he was gone.

She did not see, did not comprehend, did not ask herself how. She was dazed, bewildered, dumbfounded.

Then, too, she turned and fled; fled homeward like a pursued fawn in a broad forest.

No one in the court-yard, no one in the open door-way, no one on staircase or corridor, no one near her sleeping chamber. Into it she ran, locked the door behind her, and falling upon her knees by her bedside, gave way to a hysterical passion of tears. Just a little storm of delirious happiness.

Then she sprang to her feet, crept to her door and listened. No sound. To her dressing table she glided, and from her muff she produced the parcel. It was folded so neatly, it looked as if human hands had never touched it, and she opened it as if every movement of her fingers—her fairy fingers too!—would spoil it. But at last the several coverings lay bare, and the enclosed was revealed.

It was a crystal casket mounted in gold, and it contained a small necklace of pearls.

Also a little strip of paper, on which was written in a scholarly yet very small hand—

"*Christmas Tyde.*

"TEMPLE TO AMY.

"*My heart will break if it be refused!*"

She crossed her hands upon her neck, and she gasped hysterically. Large tears stood in her eyes as she took up the writing and kissed it, took out the necklace of pearls and kissed it, took up the charming little crystal casket and kissed it.

She heard at this moment her name called loudly by her sister Hylda, and with the speed of electricity writing, pearls and casket were hidden away. Naughty little Amy, hidden where even her sister's eyes were not likely to discover them.

Artful little Amy! She dried her eyes, made her looks primmer than ever, and descended the stairs, where she found her sister dressed like herself, awaiting her and laughing merrily.

"I knew you would return for me, Amy," she cried. "So I prepared for you. Why were you running so fast? Did you fear Jack Frost was chasing you to freeze you into an ice maiden?"

"It is very cold," murmured Amy, with downcast eyes.

Such a glow as she was in, too, at that very moment! To think how soon she could become deceptive. *Is* it the nature of the sex?

Hylda never dreamed what had happened, and Amy gave her no hint to enlighten her, but on her way over the same ground her mind was exercised as to whether there was a probability of meeting Temple again. She trusted not. She felt sure that he had too much discretion—not dissimulation for that is an ugly word—to embarrass her. He had already been pretty bold, though not in any sense displeasingly so—but for the present it would do—so she thought.

The wind had risen, and snow had begun to fall. The probabilities were, therefore, against Temple haunting the fir plantation, and as the impression entered her mind she fancied that the way, so pleasant and inspiriting before, looking gloomy and dull.

It was bitterly cold too, and she clung closely to her sister, who, however, appeared to be in extravagantly high spirits, and talked in wild strains of the coming morrow, of the marvellous festivities, delights and enjoyments there would be at the great old house to which they all had been invited.

And as they pressed their feet on the crisp, frosty ground and the twigs, and pattered over the frozen leaves and sticks which crackled and snapped beneath their pressure, they entered the deeper part of the plantation, and wound round the bend where Amy had beheld Temple Forde standing motionless.

Hylda, having exhausted anticipations about thread-the-needle, hunt the slipper, blind-man's buff, forfeit, and other enjoyments, had actually began to drop hints about the kisses that were to be received beneath the mistletoe, when she was startled by a strange, low cry from the lips of Amy.

She turned her gaze upon her hastily, and beheld her pointing to the thick gloom before them with eyes starting from their sockets, and her face as pale as a winding-sheet.

"Look there!" she heard her mutter in an unearthly whisper.

Hylda, to her amazement, beheld, standing on the spot to which Amy had directed her attention, the form of a young man in ordinary attire, standing with bare head awaiting their approach.

Distinctly she saw every feature, and the fixed light orbs riveted upon Amy. The face was youthful, and the lineaments were of a high and delicate organization, but colorless, bloodless. The form was motionless.

She—both saw face and figure vividly, but they belonged to one who was a stranger to them.

A horrible fascination compelled them to fix their eyes on the unknown, who regarded them with such a cold, stony, and yet piteous glare. A tremor seized them, an icy creeping thrill crawled over their nerves, and froze the blood in their veins. Their power to move left them, their power to feel, beyond the sense of deadly horror, was taken from them. They seemed to be gazing upon a figure of the dead, being themselves changed to stone.

When longer endurance was absolutely denied them, a wild, moaning blast of wind swept whistling past, bearing a cloud of wreathing, twisting snow-flakes, which half blinded them, filled up the spaces between the trees, whirled onward, and shut out the form which had so terribly distracted them.

It was but an instant, and they could see clearly again through the spaces between the slim trees—could see the turret and body of the old church beyond, but no trace of the apparition.

Of course they had no accurate notion of the way in which they performed the mission they set out to execute, or how they got home again. It was, however, vexing to hear their story received with shrieks of derisive laughter, and to be told that they had seen a snow wraith, or that some young fellow—some farmer's son—had, for a joke, fixed up a turnip on the body of a scarecrow for them, and having satisfied himself by seeing how scared they were, had bolted with the spectre and got clear off.

Nevertheless, the Christmas Day at Homewood Manor, at which they, with their father and mother were guests with many others, passed over delightfully and happily.

Why should it not, for were not Lawyer Forde and his son Temple among the invited, and had not the generous and noble-hearted host of Homewood made Mr. Templeton and Lawyer Forde shake hands together in this good time of Christian charity and good will, and promise to be good friends ever more?

Had not Lorimer Godfrey, the son of Squire Godfrey, and heir to Homewood Manor, discovered before dinner was over, and games and dancing commenced, that the only girl in the world meet for him to have and to hold for richer, for poorer, and so forth, until the end of life was Hylda? Had he not plainly and downrightly said to his father before the night was half over, that those were his sentiments, and had not his father given the view halloo, and cried "Ay?"

Had not Temple Forde floated about Amy like a worshipping spirit? Had they not danced together? Had he not kissed her cheek under the mistletoe, and had it not made it burn so that she did not resist a bit, when he changed it for her little pulpy lips? To be sure that Christmas Day did pass delightfully.

A year, and it is again Christmas Eve.

The two sisters, Hylda and Amy, were together in the pretty little sleeping chamber of the latter.

A package had just arrived from London, addressed to Amy, and Hylda had opened it with exceeding interest and anxiety.

Most young ladies do like to open parcels which are sure to contain something valuable—say, a wedding present—which are not addressed to them, and do not betray outwardly the smallest sign of the nature of their contents.

Hylda had disposed of paper, of a white, thick enamelled paste-board box, of a beautiful satin-wood case, which she unlocked, and out of which she drew a glittering object.

"Oh, what a lovely casket," she cried, with unfeigned rapture. "Oh, how exceedingly beautiful! how enchanting! how superb! how magnificent! how exquisite! how awfully expensive it must have been! Oh, Amy, love, look at it! It is all gold, and silver, and jewels inside and out. I never saw anything in my life so gorgeously beautiful."

Amy raised her eyes listlessly, and glanced at the glittering case which Hylda held up to her view, but turned away with a shiver, as her sister added.

"This is a Christmas present indeed! You never could have dreamed to possess a casket so precious as this."

Amy bent her face down, and covered her eyes with her slender fingers, which looked longer, and thinner, and even whiter than they did the year before.

"I possess a casket," she thought, with a pang of acute anguish, "which to me is far more precious than any other in the world—a thousand times more intrinsically valuable."

And though her sister drew forth from the casket, which was studded with pearls, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, bracelets, necklet, ear-rings, brooch, rings—much jewelry indeed of great cost, choice device and rare fancy—she would not look at them.

Then Hylda looked at her distressfully, and said, soothingly and tenderly,

"Look up, Amy, darling! Cheer up, sweetest! You know that you are to be married to-morrow—to a lord too! Then you will be Lady Amy."

Amy did rise up, but it was shudderingly. She threw herself upon her sister's neck, and wept most grievously and disconsolately.

And Hylda wept too, for she had not a word to say. Her heart bled with two poignant an agony at the sacrifice which she knew was about to be made of the poor weeping girl quivering in her arms.

In this sorrowful silence both sisters suddenly felt that strange, indefinable thrill which at some time or other has crept awfully through the frames of us all, and which, more significantly figurative than poetical, is popularly termed "somebody walking over one's grave."

At the same moment they felt the atmosphere of the room had become cold, dark, chill, and vapory, with the marshy odor of a subterranean vault. A stifling horror pressed upon their brains. It seemed to them that their very marrow was freezing in their bones. They felt their hair rise slowly up, their teeth chattered, and their hearts sank within them down—down as if they were solid blocks of ice.

Without a word, without a breath, without even other apparent animation, without the least communication one with the other, they raised their eyelids, under some unknown and irresistible power, and moved their eyes slowly to the place where the resplendent casket, gleaming with precious gems, rested still upon the table, surrounded by the gorgeous trinkets which had accompanied it.

Behind it they beheld standing the figure of a man.

Nay—a filmy, luminous, pale blue mist, which had resolved itself into the form of a man, developing, too, with a sharp distinctness, every feature of his face and fashion of his attire—even tinging all with their natural color.

This fearful presence fixed its glazed, stony stare upon the eyes of the paralyzed Amy, and remained motionless.

It was the same appearance which she and her sister Hylda had seen in the fir plantation on that same eve twelve months since.

There was an expression of plaintive sadness on its delicate lineaments, as for a second it remained stationary; then it slowly glided towards the closed door, became by degrees dimmer, fainter, less perceptible, until it faded, died away, and disappeared altogether.

"Alton Talbot!" gasped Hylda, in a thrilling, sibilant whisper.

Amy lay senseless in her arms, and heard her not.

Let us explain what happened since the last Christmas Eve to render poor little Amy—now no longer sweet seventeen, but beauteous eighteen—so unhappy at the immediate prospect of her marriage.

One line will do it.

The bridegroom was not of her choosing.

Thus it fell out.

After the happiest Christmas Day she had ever known, Mr. Templeton, her father, and Lawyer Forde renewed their former intimacy, and had some new but amicable business relations together. Mrs. Templeton invited Lawyer Forde and son to her house to tea and pipes—that is, the old gentleman smoked clay freely: and then Lawyer Forde invited Mrs. Templeton and daughters back to cake and orange—also ginger—wine. Squire Godfrey, moved by his son Lorimer, insisted on the presence of both parties at Homewood Manor, and matters between the young people especially progressed very satisfactorily—to them.

Nothing intervened to obstruct the course of true love, which set in a strong current between Hylda and Lorimer, for Squire Godfrey liked his son's choice hugely, while Mr. Templeton, for certain secret reasons, approved the match with all his heart. So, as Lorimer had spoken out with straightforward, honorable sincerity, and as Hylda "doted on the ground he walked upon," said "Yes" to his prayer "to be had," and likewise "Ask pa!" and as both pa's had said "Yes!" too, it was agreed they should be married in two years, when Lorimer attained his majority.

On the eve of Amy's marriage, Hylda had, therefore, a year of single blessedness still to look forward to.

Amy's course of true love, alas! did not run in any sense so smoothly.

Temple Forde, articled to his father, was solely dependent upon him, and when, having Amy in his eye, and closely, dearly locked in his heart, he hinted to his father that he thought it wise for a young man to get married and settled as soon as he could, his father looked him straight in the eyes, and said—

"Undoubtedly; but it ought only to be when he can keep a wife, at least, in comfort. No man who honors the woman he loves will submit her to struggles he might endure with firmness and equanimity himself. You will be unable to contract a marriage, unless with a woman of superior fortune to your own, for some few years to come."

Temple said nothing. His soul rebelled against the cold worldliness of the advice; but his nobler judgment confessed its truth. Consequently, when he found himself haunting the vicinity in which Amy circled—when he found her eyes turned on his with a soft, beaming gaze—when he heard her sweet voice tremulously quivering almost in his ears—felt the trembling pressure of her fingers—he forebore with a desperate self-control to give birth to aught but commonplace utterances.

Not a word was spoken by either about the casket; but it had not been returned, and Amy's sweet eyes had gazed upon him with a more favorable expression ever since.

Even when alone he had not spoken of love to her, for each time he had felt that he must do so, his father's words rang sharply in his ears, and he closed his lips tightly.

Yet Amy knew that he loved her with his whole heart, soul, being, and what did she want with words to tell her what she knew so well, and with such delicious bliss?

But there came a day when a riderless horse swept past the gateway of Mr. Templeton's house at a frantic gallop. It was saddled and bridled, and Mr. Templeton, who saw it fly past him, knew that it had unhorsed its rider.

He immediately hurried in the direction in which it had come—straight from the fir plantation—entered it, and, as he expected, saw, lying senseless at the foot of a tree, a young gentleman.

What did he not expect to behold was his two daughters, looking on the lifeless face of him who lay stretched before them with affrighted wonder.

A glance told him that the young gentleman was Lord Alton Talbot, the only son of his master, the Marquis of Truesbury, and forgetting everything but his critical condition, he instantly procured assistance, and had the sufferer, who had broken an arm and his collar-bone, besides receiving a violent contusion on his skull, conveyed to his house.

Three months elapsed, and the young lord was still at the house of Mr. Templeton, an invalid, tended by Hylda and Amy—mostly by the latter, under her father's reiterated injunctions, often very sternly given.

Both sisters, however, were drawn towards their guest by a strange fascination and an indefinable dread, for it was his face and figure which they had seen in the form of an apparition on the Christmas Eve previously in the fir plantation.

Strangely enough, they made no mention of this fact, although it haunted them. They had been laughed at when they had narrated the circumstance that they had forced themselves to believe it was a delusion of the fancy, occasioned by the whirling snow, which they had witnessed. Now both thought differently, and yet both kept their thoughts to themselves.

Alton Talbot was naturally delicate. His father, the marquis, had married late in life a mere girl, who did not get over her first confinement. Alton was, therefore, brought up by hand, and knew little of his father, who was a morose, stern old man, with nothing in his composition to love, and a great deal to dislike. The marquis was at the time of the accident abroad, and Alton would not be removed from Mr. Templeton's residence to the castle—some seven miles away—because, in fact, he had fallen desperately in love with Amy.

He was an elegant young man, slightly framed, of almost effeminate organization, with mild, prepossessing manners. He was endowed with many excellent qualities, and among them a high sense of honor. He was not yet of age—wanted a little more than a year to be—but he had the unusual notion among men of his position that, irrespective of family considerations, he had a right to choose his own partner for life.

"When, therefore, he was nearly recovered, and had to cast about for a pretext to remain yet longer beneath the roof of Mr. Templeton, he confided to that gentleman the passionate affection he had conceived for Amy, and proposed for her hand.

He was listened to with an excitement and emotion which would have been irrepressible had not Mr. Templeton long since schooled himself to conceal outwardly the feelings which might be boiling and surging within him.

The fact was he was in the position of a dishonest steward. He had speculated in his own name with the marquis's stock, which had turned out disastrously—he had misappropriated moneys to cover and to conceal his losses, and he dreaded the return of the marquis, for he knew that then would come the crash which would render him a ruined bankrupt beggar.

This proposition he saw in an instant would save him, and he accepted in his daughter's name the offer of marriage, assured the young lord that Amy absolutely adored him; but that, awed by the difference in their position, she had behaved with that respectful distance which was due to his superior station, and creditable to her own propriety and prudence.

He quitted his lordship in search of his daughter, to communicate to her the grand news which would elevate her to the peerage, and rescue him from absolute destruction.

But she had gone out for a walk alone, no one had noticed whither, and he set out in pursuit.

Yes, she had gone out for a walk, and had strayed into the fir plantation in a condition of oppressive dejection. She saw how the young lord hungered for her with his eyes, how he pleaded with her in his tones, in his words, which, although not absolute declarations of love, all tended in that direction, and she knew what was hanging like a cloud over her, ready to fall at any moment.

She held Alton Talbot very high in her estimation, for she knew his sentiments to be noble, and his actions generous and praiseworthy; but she would rather her husband should be Temple Forde than if he were thrice ten thousand times Lord Alton Talbot.

Yet Temple Forde had not spoken a word; he looked very unhappy, even piteously, at her when they met, but he did not speak. Why did he not speak? Why would he not speak?

Lo! here he came to answer for himself.

The same old spot where he had stood with his little offering more than a year ago—the same spot on which the apparition had appeared; the same spot on which Alton Talbot's horse, shying at something seen only by itself had flung him.

She quickened her step a little, and as he advanced she held out both hands to him.

He took him, he pressed them to his heart. He turned from her with a burst of uncontrollable grief. Even before he recovered himself he threw himself at her feet, and stretching his clasped hands towards her, he cried—

"Amy, Amy, my darling—my life—I love you more dearly than I am able—than I can find—than I know how to express or convey. Yet I am most miserable—most unhappy—for I dare not now ask you—"

A shadow interposed between them.

It was Amy's father.

"One word!" he cried, sternly; not one word! She is already another's.

Amy knew not how she regained her home—scarcely what followed. She knew only that in his little private office she had heard words of confession from her father's lips which had blistered, paralyzed her brain—that she had seen him groveling at her feet, beseeching, praying her to save him, her mother, Hylda, from frightful disgrace and irretrievable ruin; and that she had written the doom of her own heart by consenting to marry the Lord Alton Talbot, and to conceal from him, so far as might be in her power, that her love had been given to another, and her heart was broken.

She had a dreamy notion of an interview with Alton Talbot after this; of listening to the outpourings of his love; of replying "No," when he asked her if she loved him; and of murmuring "Yes," when he asked her if she would try. And that was all.

With the delicacy of a true gentleman, Lord Alton then left Mr. Templeton's abode, and proceeded to Truesbury Castle, whence he wrote to his father, to communicate to him the step he had taken, and to await his reply, which, however, did not come, nor did the marquis himself put in an appearance.

Mr. Templeton craftily hurried on the marriage, giving a variety of specious reasons, and it was resolved that it should take place on the ensuing Christmas Day. Lord Alton Talbot proceeded to London to complete all his arrangements with a firm of solicitors whom he had engaged, for being a minor he was anxious to secure Amy in all legal ways.

In the meanwhile, it soon got bruited abroad that Amy Templeton had "caught the only son of the Marquis of Truesbury, and the report sent off poor Temple Forde to Sierra Leone, where he had a merchant uncle, and where he had the best chance of giving up the ghost at the shortest possible notice.

On the Christmas Eve before the intended marriage Lord Alton had sent word to say that he would that evening pass a few hours with his betrothed, and with the message he had sent the casket. The package had remained unopened by Amy for some hours, and Hylda's inquisitiveness eventually caused its examination, especially as she thought that his lordship should be thanked when he arrived for its contents.

We know what ensued. When, however, the excitement created by the overpowering freight Amy and Hylda had both sustained on witnessing the mysterious apparition had somewhat subsided, an uneasy feeling began to obtain because Lord Alton continued absent. It had been decided to tell him of the strange sight they had seen, and hear his views upon it.

While sitting speaking in whispers, they suddenly heard the violent clatter of a horse's feet approaching. Mr. Templeton, with a groan of relief, rushed to the door and flung it open. Snow was falling fast. Like a fearful hurricane-gust a black form swept past the door with a wild, screeching neigh, and vanished in the obscurity.

"It is Alton's horse riderless!" shrieked Mr. Templeton, falling against the door-post in a fit.

Men with lanterns and torches hurried in the blinding snow, following the horse's tracks until they reached the fir plantation. There again with more difficulty they took up the half-obliterated footprints until they reached a stark grim stem running up a hundred feet into the air.

There at the roots—the old spot—lay stretched the form of Lord Alton, motionless. They bent over his face with their lanterns, and with a thrill of horror they saw he was dead—stone dead.

This time the fall from his horse had broken his neck, and had killed him outright.

That night Amy took with her into her bed a casket. She twined her long, luxuriant hair about it as if to hide it from the percant eyes of a ghost. She folded it in her arms, and pressed it to her heart, weeping, weeping, as if she would weep her life away.

It was a crystal casket, mounted in gold, and it contained a small necklace of pearls.

Christmas Eve once again.

"Oh, what a lovely casket! Oh, how exceedingly beautiful! Oh, Amy, love, do you not think it the sweetest you have ever, ever seen?" exclaimed Hylda, clapping her hands in admiration, as she gazed upon an Indian casket of gold filagree work, studded with glittering gems, of most exquisite workmanship, and of considerable value.

It was in the hands of Temple Forde, whose face, bronzed by the sun, looked handsomer and brighter than it had ever done before. He was tendering this casket as a wedding gift to Amy, and asking her, in a voice which seemed to say, "You will not refuse *me*," to accept it.

But she smiled in his face and shook her head.

She drew forth from some concealed spot about her waist a little crystal casket, and holding it up before his eyes, said, with an emotion she could not repress—

"This little casket is dearer to me than ought else in the world. I do not wish to replace it."

He caught her in his arms, and pressing a fervent kiss on her forehead, murmured almost inarticulately—

"My love! My own darling Amy!"

So it seemed one short year had been enough to bring about poetical justice.

But how!

It seems that on the previous Christmas-eve the Marquis of Truesbury had arrived from abroad, and proceeding direct to his castle had had a fearful and stormy interview with his son. He had forbidden his marriage with Amy, menaced him with every penalty the law would grant him, and finally with his curse, if he persisted in marrying the daughter of his steward—a man whose integrity he more than strongly suspected.

They parted with mutual reproaches and anger, the old man raving and cursing, the young man, stern, firm, and deliberately bent on carrying out his engagement to Amy.

Released from his father's presence, Alton found relief in pressing his horse—a powerful black, high-mettled steed—to his utmost swiftness. In passing the awkward bend in the fir plantation on his way to Amy's residence, a stumble, a shy—no matter what—Alton was unhorsed—killed.

The terrible news made the marquis a broken-hearted man. He fulfilled, however, to the letter all Alton's intentions to Amy, which rendered her independent of the world, if not a rich woman, and he presented old Templeton with a sum of money, but he removed him from the stewardship.

In the meanwhile Mr. Forde received a letter from his son, informing him that his brother, Temple's uncle, had died, bequeathing Temple a considerable fortune, and that the latter was on his way home.

But that after he had settled his affairs in England, he made up his mind to become a traveller, to determine the source of the Nile, then to determine the position of the North Pole, and accomplish the Northwest Passage as it had never been done before. Next, he purposed doing New York to the Pacific on foot, and South America from Cape Horn to the Gulf of Mexico. Then he had his eye on the Yosemite Valley, and—

It mattered little what further he intended. What he did do was to meet, on his landing in England, in the most unexpected way in the world, Lorimer Godfrey, who had awaited his coming.

Lorimer told him what had happened at Sunnyside. How Amy had escaped a marriage to which she had consented only under the force of duty, and now that she was independent of the world, and free to act as she pleased, she had it in serious contemplation to take the veil.

"I shall go down to Sunnyside at once, and let my luggage follow me," shouted Temple, with a defiant air. "Take the veil! So she shall, the darling, but it shall be the bridal veil."

So she did.

She married Temple on the Christmas day at the same church, and at the same moment of time as Hylda married Lorimer Godfrey.

Were not the festivities in the neighborhood great and glorious, jolly and uproarious on the happy union of Temple Forde and the Pearl of Sunnyside?

Christmas after one year more.

Temple Forde held up his wife's lips under the mistletoe.

"Do you remember your first kiss of these beneath the white berry?" she asked, with dancing eyes.

"I feel it glow on my lips now," he said, passionately, as he kissed her fondly.

"Is—it—quite—as—nice—now?" she asked hearing her dear little baby coo in a corner.

"Delicious as that was," he answered, with deep emotion—"and, gracious, what I felt then!—still this—and this—and this, light of my eyes! pulse of my heart! is as sweet and as dear as you—my Amy—the brightest, best, most cherished possession I am blest with under heaven!"

And this was truth! O, rare Christmas tyde!

THE BRIDAL OF MYRA CARNE.

BY JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.

A black, frowning, rock-bound coast, marked by a mile of very tall and precipitous cliffs. Midway there is a wide gap, and a bed of sand—fine as the sand of the desert, and golden. This opening is bay-like in form, and slopes from the heights to the seashore. The sand bed, which stretches right and left at the base of the cliffs, is bordered by a belt of shingle; and beyond the shingle are breakers, some so large that they are rarely o'erswept by the sea. When the mighty waves battle with these outer rocks, the high-thrown clouds of spray and the vast expanse of seething foam bear witness to the fierceness of the strife. A few yards from the brow of the sand-bank is a village—a straggling line of cottages, built of rough-hewn sandstone, and heavily thatched. The church is, perhaps, the smallest in England; but then the whole population of the place does not exceed three hundred souls.

The men earn their bread by fishing, and by helping the luckless ships that are driven on that cruel, forbidding coast. Terrible wrecking stories are told of hapless crews being murdered and cast into the raging surge for the sake of plunder. If these tales be true, it is strange how little the wreckers are enriched by their blood-bought spoil—and bought, too, at the risk of their own lives. The tombstones that surround the little church bear record that death by drowning is not an uncommon fate at Stormcliff Bay.

The parson, the doctor, and the lawyer live at an inland town; and if the villagers ail in mind, body, or estate, they have to travel seven miles for professional comfort, aid, or counsel.

The best house—truly, the only house—at Stormcliff Bay is Eagles' Nest, standing on a jutting ledge of the highest rock. There dwelt Captain Carne, Aunt Ellen, and Myra.

Nearly eighteen years before the time I tell of, the Captain—then in middle age—came with a young wife to Stormcliff Bay for a week or two. The young wife was seized with sudden illness, could not be moved, and died. The widower would not leave the village, and with his only child and maiden sister abode at Eagles' Nest.

Captain Carne and Aunt Ellen were loved by the villagers, to whom they were ever ready friends. Myra was at least not less loved than her father and aunt. A joyous girl, and beautiful. The rough sea breeze had not affected the surpassing fairness of her skin—fair as the lily of the poet's dream, and tenderly soft. Eyes large and blue—the blue of the Southern sky; wavelets of nut-brown hair veiling her shoulders and falling below her waist; features nobly outlined, with mouth of exquisite sweetness. Above all—the beauty that is felt but cannot be described—a countenance of light, love, and gladness—the shining forth, the radiant sheen of a pure and happy spirit.

It was Sunday evening in full summertide. A night of tropical warmth follows a day of glowing heat. The sea is singularly calm, and the waves wash languidly against the breakers. Two persons, Myra Carne and Frank Molino, are walking on the sands.

"Myra," the young man was saying, "the day after to-morrow I must leave."

"But not for long, Frank."

"A week or two may not be long for you, Myra, but it is ages to me. Besides, I shall soon have to live in London."

They stood awhile with their faces seaward, but their minds were too occupied to be conscious of the beauty of the scene. The young man was feebly fighting against the maddening fever of passion, and the girl wondered what disturbed her companion.

"Patience, Myra, you shall soon have a letter from me."

Alas, how too soon, how all too soon, we part from each other, and are driven forth from the Paradise of our love, and cannot again enter therein, save through the Dark Valley of the Dread Shadow.

"Let us go home, Frank. Father will be expecting us."

"You are in a mighty hurry, Myra. I shall not trouble you long, and then you can be with somebody you like better."

"Frank, what is the matter? Why are you so unkind? What has sissy done to you?"

"Whatever comes of it, you must hear me. Look here, Myra, I would rather you stabbed me, than call yourself my sister."

"You used to like that name."

"I did until a few months ago when I was away from you, and then I learnt that I did not love you as a brother."

"Not love me, Frank?"

Frank put one arm round her waist, and the other over her shoulder, and drew her so close to him that she felt his hot breath on her face; and she closed her eyes against his burning glance.

"Myra, not as a brother—but deeper, deeper still—all in all, Myra; and if you do not love me the same, I will die; for if you loved another, I should kill him and you."

The girl leant her head on him, but did not speak.

"You fear to tell me, Myra, that you love me as a brother only. But you shall tell me—you shall deal the blow."

"Frank, my own dear, you know I love you as my life. This is cruel of you."

"But, Myra, say your love is not the love of a sister."

"I know what you mean, dear Frank—and I love you as a lover. I am thine, as you are mine."

Her eyes opened for a moment, and Frank held her to him in a long and passionate embrace.

"Are you happy now, my Frank?"

"Ay, darling of my soul—too happy to speak even to you. To-morrow we will talk together, and say when the world shall know that we are one—for it must not be long hence."

"And my father?"

"I will tell him when I return from London."

"But, dear Frank, I have never had a secret from him."

"You must have one for a week or two, for both our sakes."

They slowly ascended the cliff, and stood before the entrance of Eagles' Nest. Another embrace, long and silent, and they entered.

Captain Carne was pacing the room. Aunt Ellen was seated at the table reading, or seeming to do so. The Captain had been angry because Myra was half an hour late, and Aunt Ellen had defended the girl. The tiff ended, as usual, by the Captain pacing the room with a measured military stride, and Aunt Ellen putting on her spectacles, and opening a book.

"Well, Frank, have you discovered a fresh constellation? Or have you merely been persuading Myra that it is good and seemly to be disobedient to her father?"

Frank replied they had been walking and talking. The Captain's eyes lighted upon Myra's tell-tale face.

"And pray, what was the talk about?"

Frank began a reply.

"I spoke to Myra, not to you."

Myra blushed deeply, and was silent.

"Since Myra is tongue-tied, favor me with an answer."

Frank replied that they had been speaking of his going away, and of the future.

Captain Carne's face darkened.

"Perhaps a love scene."

"I told Myra of my love for her."

"So, sir, I trust you as a son, and you abuse my confidence. Ellen, do you know anything of this business?"

"No, brother," replied the aunt; "but young people will be silly."

"Frank Molino, mark my words: they will be few, and to the purpose. The folly begun to-night must end to-night. I assume you wish Myra to be happy; but domestic happiness must be well fed, well clothed, and well housed, or it will give place to domestic misery. At present, your means are too limited even for the support of turtle-dove love in a cottage. Then, Myra has not been in society, and she must see others before she can know if she loves you. I now wish you good-night and good-by. For two or three years, you will not be a welcome guest to my house; and meanwhile, you and Myra are as strangers to each other. Good-night, Frank."

Myra was crying—Frank was pallid. He crossed the room to offer his hand to Myra.

"I told you, sir, that you and Myra were as strangers to each other. Once more, good-night to you."

Frank went out quickly; and, as he descended the cliff, he muttered curses on Captain Carne. As soon as he had left, the Captain took Myra's hand, and he led her to the door.

"Go to your room and to bed, Myra. To-morrow you will be more reconciled to the will of your father."

Aunt Ellen would have gone with the girl to solace her, but Myra repulsed her. In her grief and anger, she would be alone. If her father had spoken kindly to Frank, she would, so she thought, have been patient; but now she was, for the first time in her life, angry with her father.

Myra took off her hat, and knelt by her bedside—not to pray, but to cry and bemoan her unhappiness. Presently there came a remembrance of her father's love and fondness. She arose with the intent of going to his room, and kissing him, and being reconciled to him. Then came a thought of Frank. Would he die? And again her heart was hardened against her father.

Myra opened her casement window, and went on to the verandah. The moon was high in the heavens. The gentle summer wind made a sweet accompaniment to the murmur of the sea, and to the grating of the shingle as it was swept by the waves. Oh, child, will not this scene of beauty, these sublime harmonies, these whispers of love Divine, console you? Alas! for philosophy! It is a friend that fails in the hour of sorest need.

"Myra, dearest!"

What voice is that? Is it indeed a voice, or only an echo of her heart's thought?

Fearing she knew not what, Myra listened.

"Myra, dearest, are you there?"

"What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?"

Often in his boyhood Frank had climbed to the verandah. It was an easy task for him. In a moment, and before Myra could recover from her bewilderment, Frank was with her, first kneeling at her feet, and then holding her to his heart.

There they sit until the fading of the stars proclaims the rising of the sun. Shall Frank die? At length, after the pleading of hours, Myra, kneeling down, and kissing a cross she wore around her neck, plighted her troth to him. Quaking, and scarce knowing what she did, Myra repeated after Frank an oath that she would marry him whensoever he asked her to do so.

"And now, darling, good-by till we meet on the shore; and then another good-by for a little while, until we meet to part no more."

"Frank, dearest, I wish you had not to go from me even for an hour. Being ever mine, you should be with me forever."

They lingered lovingly until the dawn of day was visible in the East, and until they were startled by the chirping of a bird.

Frank descended the cliff, and Myra returned to her room, and to bed. Short-lived is ecstacy on earth. Before the warmth of Frank's last kiss had left her lips, Myra thought of her father, and the thought chilled her heart. Ah, if she had gone to her father, and kissed him, and been reconciled to him! Is it too late? Let her go now, and tell him all, and ask him for forgiveness. She half arose from her bed. But then, Frank and her oath! She again laid her head on her pillow. Some day, her father would be reconciled to Frank. A beautiful cottage, perhaps at Stormcliff Bay. Frank and Myra rejoicing in their love. Her father loving both, and sharing their happiness, and being right glad that they married. Lulling her conscience with such opiates, Myra fell asleep. Night vigils are new to her; and, being exhausted, she sleeps soundly. And tranquility? She sleeps; but, sleeping or waking, no more for her the peace, the bliss of the Paradise of Childhood. Happy Myra, to have lived in it so long. Few abide therein even until childhood has blossomed into youth.

THE STORM.

When Myra awoke, her aunt was standing by her bed.

"Why, deary, what a sleep you have had! Breakfast was over long ago. But get up now—your father wants you to go with him into the village; and, deary, don't be over so little cross with him. It will all be made right. I'll have a cup of tea ready for you when you come down."

Myra was a long time in dressing. With her awakening, came care and sorrow. The fond dreams of the early dawn vanished in the broad daylight. Until now, when a great gulf seemed to part them, Myra had not realized the love that bound father to daughter, and daughter to father. Her affection for Frank was deep and earnest; but the compact of the night affrighted her. She would beseech Frank to release her from the oath—for it never occurred to her that he had not power to do so. Then whispers conscience, "But the oath does not bind you to secrecy. Tell your father." Tiresome, remorseless conscience. If Frank will not release her from her vow, why then, indeed, she will tell her father. But if Frank grant her prayer, why should she expose him to her father's anger—or even why should she give her father pain? Pleased and consoled with this reasoning, Myra met her father without much agitation.

They went through the village to the church, and sat down in the ivy-covered porch. It was a favorite resting-place; and often Myra and her father were there for hours, reading or talking. Just in front of the porch was a grave on which the grass was well kept, and the flowers were blooming. It was the grave of Myra's mother.

"Our visit to the dear old porch must be a short one to-day, Myra; for, as you know, I have to go to town, and I propose to walk there. I wished to tell you here that I am sorry I grieved you last night."

Myra could have borne a blow, but the words of kindness wrung her heart. She took her father's hand, and kissed it; and, as she did so, a tear fell upon it.

"I only did my duty, dear child; but I did not the less regret to give you a moment's grief. I do not think Frank will make you happy; but that you must hereafter decide for yourself. At present, you are but a child, and I must act for you. The last words she said to me, Myra"—the Captain pointed to the grave of his wife—"were, 'Care for her as for me.' To fulfil that sacred trust I have lived a lonely life, watching over you in infancy, in childhood, and in youth. I have striven to be father and mother to you, Myra. On earth, I have no aim but your happiness. You will not now think that I am unkind because I do my bounden duty, and in so doing give you pain?"

Myra kissed her father. She wanted to speak—she yearned to confide in him; but, for the moment, the words would not be spoken.

"Remain here awhile, and calm yourself, my child. When you return to the Nest, tell aunt I shall be home by dusk; and try, Myra, to greet me with your welcome smile."

He kissed her, and walked away. He had not gone far when Myra started up, determined to follow him, and tell him of her fault. Her hand was on the wicket-gate, and she paused. When he came home, and before going to bed, he should know all whether Frank did or did not absolve her from the oath. She returned to the porch, reflecting on what was to be done, until reflection became unbearable. In vain she sought to convince herself that she had pursued a wise course—there was a gnawing consciousness that she should not have put off the confession. And ought she to meet Frank? Why not consult dear Aunt Ellen? Comforting suggestion. Sustained by the new resolve, Myra returned to the Nest.

Aunt Ellen was busy, as usual, with her household duties. It would not do to interrupt her. Then came the dinner, and still Myra was silent. But she must decide quickly, for in an hour she was to meet Frank under the cliff. Perhaps it will be better to see him, and persuade him to release her from the oath. Aunt Ellen is going to Birley Farm, to drink tea with Mrs. Jameson. Would Myra accompany her? She pleaded a headache. It was her first lie, and it stung her. Well, then, Myra could walk over to Birley after she had rested—that is, if she felt able to go out.

Aunt Ellen departed, and Myra went to her room, and put on her hat. How she shook! She was hysterical. She mixed some wine with water, and drank it. Then she told the servant that she was going to the sands, and might perhaps take tea at Birley. How broad, smooth, and easy is the way of falsehood—that is, at the outset.

Frank was before her. She was late, because she had to wait until Aunt Ellen had left the home. Her father had gone into the town, and her aunt to Birley. Frank was so glad—they could have a happy afternoon together. They strolled along the beach, he with his arm round her waist, and hand in hand. This will never do. She must get rid of the oath. After an hour's effort, she managed to say that her father was very angry. Why, of course he was angry. It was only natural. He would soon forgive her, for he would see that Frank loved her, and made her happy. And Frank told her how glad he was they had taken that solemn oath, for it united them forever. The end of it was that Myra re-resolved. The oath bound her. She must tell her father, and he would not wish her to break it. Thereupon an hour of loving talk—the past forgotten, and the future a bright day-dream.

The lovers were disturbed by a summer storm. The sky was suddenly darkened. The wind howled, and the sea moaned. There was a flash of lightning, and the rocks echoed the thunder. In a minute, the rain fell in torrents. The lovers took shelter in a cavern hewn out of the rock. Myra, who had lived all her days on that rough coast, had never been terrified by a storm; but now, she knew not why, fear overcame her. She shrank from the lightning, and trembled at the sound of the thunder.

Frank led her farther into the cavern, so that the lightning might not affright her. Still Myra was terrified, and rejoiced when Frank told her that the storm was over.

When they came on to the beach, the sun was shining brightly, and the only relic of the tempest was the continued agitation of the sea. They were two miles from Stormcliff Bay; and had not proceeded many yards in the direction of that place, when they discovered that they were prisoners. They were on a raised indent of the coast, called Dry Rock Bend, and were encircled by the waves. Frank assuaged the alarm of Myra by pointing out that it was high tide, even if the tide had not turned, and that in an hour at most they would be released. What were they to do? The beach was shingle and weed-covered rock, and it was wet from the rain. So they returned to the cavern in which they had sheltered from the storm.

As Frank had said, the sea subsided ere the hour; but it was nearly two hours before he and Myra left the cavern. They walked on hastily, for the lengthening shadows of the cliffs warned them of the approach of evening.

"Oh, my love," said Myra, "what shall I do if aunt is home?"

"Say, dearest, you took a long walk, and were caught in the storm."

They were near Stormcliff Bay, and Myra stopped.

"Go from me, my love, for I can never go from you. And how shall I bear to-morrow and to-morrow, when you are away from me?"

"Take courage, dear angel; for on the third day—after two to-morrows—we meet, to be united so that thenceforth no one can part us."

"For you, dearest, I will bear it; but were it not for you, I would pray to die this night."

"Darling, we need not part now, save for a few hours. I can come to the verandah, as I did last night."

"But if you are heard or seen?"

"Do not fear. I will be under the verandah at twelve."

When they parted Myra ascended the cliff passed through the village, and met Aunt Ellen coming back from Birley. That was lucky for Myra. Her return with her aunt would explain her absence to the servant; and her aunt did not know how long she had been from home.

They ascended the cliff, Aunt Ellen relating the news from Birley, and Myra appearing to listen, but not heeding what was said. They were near Eagles' Nest, when they saw the servant running to them. The girl was terror-stricken and crying.

"Oh, ma'am!—oh, Miss Myra—poor Miss Myra!"

Master had come home ill. That was the only information they could glean from the girl.

Captain Carne was lying on the sofa, and with him were the doctor and a friend. When they entered he sat upright.

"Do not be alarmed. It is bad enough, but not so bad as it might have been. Come here, Myra."

She went to him, and Aunt Ellen looked to the doctor for an explanation.

"Your brother has been struck with the lightning, and his sight is hurt; but we must hope for the best."

Aunt Ellen covered her face with her hands, and sank on her knees. Myra shrieked. In that agony, how her words to Frank rung in her ears—"And how shall I bear to-morrow and to-morrow, when you are away?"

And behold, her father would not look at her to-morrow, or for evermore.

The doctor did not deny the case was critical; but there was a chance of recovery, and that chance depended upon the patient being tranquil.

As soon as their grief could be controlled, the sister and daughter wept without moaning.

Captain Carne was led to his bed-room; and, after administering an opiate, the doctor and his friend departed. Aunt Ellen might watch by the patient if she liked, but all that could be done was to let him sleep.

Myra went to her room heart-broken and spirit-crushed. From peace and joy to anguish and misery, and in less than two days. Yesterday morning, few so happy that would not have envied her happiness; to-night, the most wretched might pity her smarting sorrow and desolation. She would have refused to leave her father's room but for the appointment at midnight, and the thought of that meeting increased her poignant pain. Could she leave her father in his affliction? No. And yet? Mechanically she trimmed her lamp, and sat down, staring at the clock on the mantelpiece. She was a waif on the stormy ocean, and she had to choose between stolid, mindless resignation, or despair and madness. Her father! Her lover! Let Frank decide for her.

She sat staring at the clock—wondering if it always ticked so loudly—noting the movement of the minute hand, and counting the seconds. It still wanted a quarter of an hour to midnight. Might not Frank be before the appointed hour? She went on to the verandah, but Frank was not there. She waited the weary quarter of an hour, passing from the verandah and the room, backwards and forwards to look at the clock.

Midnight, and Frank was not there. She determined not to look at the clock again, but to wait on the verandah till he came. As she approached the rustic seat on which the feeble light of her lamp shone through the casement window, she saw a hat on it, and divined it was Frank's. Thump, thump, and faster than horses' feet, beat her heart. Was he hiding?

"Frank!"

No answer to the gurgling whisper. She took up the hat, and a string fell from it, and to the string was fastened a letter.

Back to her room. Harder than ever, faster than ever, thumped her heart. It was with difficulty her palsied hands opened the letter. With greater difficulty her burning eyes read it. It ran thus—

"MY LOVE AND LIFE—Bad news. But be patient, dearest, for both our sakes. My father is taken ill, and I must leave for America without the delay of a moment. By starting at once, I may be in time for the vessel. Perhaps sooner, but certainly in two months, I will be with you. What I suffer from the separation you may know, my dearest; but you would not forgive me if I neglected the command of a dying father. I will write to you at the post-office, as we arranged, to-morrow. My love and life, good-by till then. As you love me, be patient for the sake of thine own—

"FRANK."

Myra read the letter again and again. Now silently, now the words hissing through her fever-parched lips. Then she gazed at it as if spell-bound. There was a mad desire to laugh. Then the sensation of choking. She became insensible, and lay so for hours. The morning breeze came in at the open window, and slowly she revived. There was the letter in her hand, and the hat by her side.

"These must not bear witness against him, if I die."

She cut the hat into tiny pieces, and threw them over the parapet of the verandah. The letter she held in the flickering flame of the lamp until it was consumed, and her fingers blackened and scorched.

After these labors, she lay on the bed, neither sleeping nor waking, until Aunt Ellen came to tell her that her father had slept well—

"But, oh, deary!—oh, my deary, his sight is lost—he will never, never see us more!"

THE BRIDAL.

The summer has grown into autumn, and the autumn has faded into winter. It is nigh six months from the day of the storm, so well remembered at Stormcliff Bay. Every effort to restore the sight of Captain Carne had failed. His last chance was to be treated by an eminent London oculist. Aunt Ellen wanted to accompany him to the metropolis; but Myra was unwell, and the Captain preferred not to inflict his sufferings upon those dear to him. So he went alone, and had been away for nearly two months. The reports about him were very vague; and at Eagles' Nest there was no hope of his recovery.

Is that Myra? Does death work a more pitiable change than sorrow? The light of the eye no longer lustrous, but lurid. The clear, radiant complexion, the bloom of health and youth, the gladsome, winsome countenance, are gone. She is ill, but will take no advice. She says she wants rest, not physic. She will not visit. She will not attend church. About once a week she goes into the town, and will not accept the companionship of her aunt. She stands for hours on the verandah of her room, gazing wistfully at the sea. She will often go into the village to ask the news from the sea—if there have been any wrecks. Frank has written to say he will be back in January, and January is nearly over. Is it another delay—or is he wrecked? Every sound of the wind and the waves terrifies the lone, despairing girl.

At last—at last there is a break in the black darkness. Myra has gone to town, to ask—without hope—if there is a letter for M. M. Yes; and it is handed to her. It is Frank's writing, and it bears an English postmark. Without leaving the post-office, she reads it:—

"MY LOVE AND LIFE—Home at last, and all well. I cannot write the joy I feel. I leave Liverpool to-night—to-morrow I shall be in London—and next day with you, my love and my life. I only wait a few hours in London to arrange what is necessary for our marriage. I am weeping, dearest—I cannot help it; but the tears are tears of joy. Good-by for two days, my love and life. FRANK."

Myra got into the fly that was to take her to Stormcliff Bay. Oh, that she were home! When she arrived at the Nest, she told Aunt Ellen that she was tired, and would rest awhile. When in her room she locked the door, read over the letter again, knelt by her bed to pray and to give thanks. As she knelt she wept—which she had not done since her trouble began; and her crying was like the crying of a little child.

Next night, Myra went to bed at eight o'clock. She liked to be alone, and she was worn with excitement.

Aunt Ellen was knitting. The door opens, and enter Captain Carne.

"Brother—dear brother!"

"Home again, Ellen, and well."

"Well?"

"Ay, Ellen, well. My sight is restored to me."

To convince her he was no longer blind, he took up a newspaper from the table, and read her a few lines.

"Where is Myra?"

"Gone to bed, tired. I will call her."

"No, I will do so."

"You will startle and frighten her."

"I intended a surprise; and as for the fright, it will not last a minute, for the lass of Stormcliff Bay is not a nervous young lady."

He went up stairs on tiptoe. He noiselessly opened the door. Myra was asleep, and her father gazed on her with the gaze of fondest love. He set the candle on the table, and touching her, said—

"Myra, my pet."

She started up.

"Oh, my Frank!—my Frank!"

She looked, and saw it was her father. There was a pause to be counted by seconds only, though it seemed never-ending. Myra could not move or speak. The face of her father was livid, and the veins in his forehead swollen. No words were necessary. She had told her love. As he moved, Myra screamed piteously, and then lay still upon the bed. Aunt Ellen hurried into the room.

"What has happened?"

"Don't you know?"

The Captain took his sister's arm, and, dragging her to the bedside, held the candle over Myra.

"What has happened? Myra loves Frank!"

Aunt Ellen looked, and sank on her knees, crying—

"God have mercy upon us!—have mercy upon us!"

"It seems, then, that you were blind, Ellen. Better if my sight had gone forever—as, I doubt not, Myra prayed it might be."

The Captain had so far mastered his passion that his voice was calmer.

"Where is Frank Molino?"

"Abroad. He left Stormcliff Bay the day of the storm, and has not been back."

Myra moved.

"Have mercy on her, for her mother's sake! Oh, have mercy on her!"

"Fear not. I shall not hurt her, though I have been deceived."

Myra slowly recovered consciousness. She stretched out her hands to her father in supplication.

"How long have you loved him?"

Myra put her hands before her face.

"Where is he?"

"But you will not kill him?"

"Am I a hangman?"

Myra took from under her pillow Frank's last letter, and gave it to Aunt Ellen, who handed it to her brother.

Captain Carne read it, and then threw it on the bed.

"Loving and generous. And you have promised to marry him?"

"How can you doubt it?" exclaimed Aunt Ellen, who had taken up the letter and read it.

"Then your niece is more loving than I am, or she would say to him—'I am not old enough to be married, and you are not any match for me.'"

"Mercy on me! Have mercy on me!"

"I shall see this Molino. Don't start—I shall not hurt him. If you persist in marrying him, be it so. But not secretly. Your betrothal was secret; but the bridal of Myra Carne—that was your mother's name, and it is yours—I say, the bridal of Myra Carne shall be public."

So he left her to the care of her aunt.

The interview with Frank Molino, who returned that night, was short; and, so far as Captain Carne was concerned, calm. Did Frank persist in wanting to marry Myra? A passionate "Yes!" Then the bridal must be at Stormcliff Bay, and public. That day week was named for the wedding.

"And this further condition, that you do not correspond with her or see her till the bridal day. That is surely not very hard. But whether it be so or not, if you break it you imperil her life."

The coming bridal was announced to the village and to friends. And though the notice was short, preparations were made for the ceremony. The little church was decorated with evergreens and hot-house flowers, the gifts of the neighboring gentry.

Captain Carne would not see his daughter, but he instructed Aunt Ellen to provide a wedding garment for the bride. He would not have a breakfast, saying that neither Eagles' Nest nor the occasion was suitable for a festive gathering.

The bridal day was rough and boisterous, but the midwinter sun was shining gayly. In the little parlor were Captain Carne and Frank, not exchanging a word. There is a rustle of silk; and Myra, arrayed as a bride, enters with Aunt Ellen. Her father, who had not seen her since the night of his return home, kissed her affectionately. Frank was advancing to her, but the Captain stopped him.

"She is my daughter, and not yet your wife. In this place you must not touch her."

He took a case from his pocket, and put on Myra a glittering necklet and a bracelet, and fastened an ornament on her veil.

"These, Myra, were the marriage jewels of your mother. I give them to you."

He turned to the sideboard, and took from a drawer a curious-looking satin belt, which he fastened round his daughter's waist.

"Bear with the weight, Myra. This belt holds your marriage portion. I have put into it four thousand sovereigns—for since your childhood, I have been saving for your marriage. The money will ensure you against continuely and contempt."

Myra embraced him.

"Father, dear father, how can I repay your love and care? Forgive me, and bless me."

"Mr. Molino, will you take my sister to the church? It is but seemly for you to escort the aunt of your bride."

Aunt Ellen kissed Myra, and departed with Frank.

"Myra, you will not return to Eagles' Nest, nor shall I. We leave the old home forever."

Clinging to him—fondly clinging to him—and with a prayer in her heart that she might live to be a blessing to him, Myra went forth with her father.

"Let us ascend the cliff, and take a farewell look at the old home."

Myra was weak; and what with the burden round her waist, and the strong wind, the ascent was slow and toilsome. At length they reached the summit of the cliff. It was high tide, and the mighty foam-crested waves were angrily dashing against the huge, defiant rock.

From the church porch, where Frank, Aunt Ellen, and the friends were assembled, Myra and her father could be seen. The veil and the long hair of the bride were fluttering in the wind.

Now they kneel. The father is forgiving the disobedience of his child. Solemn moment; and the company at the church porch, from a reverent impulse, cast down their eyes, and join in the father's prayer.

What scream is heard above the storm? A piercing shriek, mingled with a wild and mocking laugh. Where is the bride? Where is her father? An instant since, they were kneeling on the rock. Where are they? There was a moment of wondering, awful silence, and then cries of horror from the company at the church porch rent the air, startling the sea birds from their nests.

When the tide went out, the watchers found the lost ones on the beach under the cliff. The bride was tightly grasped in her father's arms. The weight of the gold around the waist of Myra had made them sink into the depths without the possibility of rising again, and kept them on the spot where they fell.

Such was the Bridal of Myra Carne. The women who knew her weep when they hear her name—and the rough men of Stormcliff Bay tell the story with bated breath.

* * * * * *

In the abode of the insane is a man for whom there is no hope of cure. Sometimes he speaks words of burning, passionate love to a vision he calls "Myra!" Sometimes he is getting ready for a wedding. Sometimes he recites that scene on the cliff; and in doing so, re-echoes Myra's wild and piercing shriek. And even the schooled hearts of those who have charge of the maniac are thrilled with awe and pity.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ Painful suspense—Hanging.

☞ An artist painted a cannon so naturally that when he was finishing the touch-hole it went off—at a very good price.

☞ In Boston the "Greeley cigar" is the newest brand puffed.

☞ "Assault with intent to become insane," is the way they put deadly attacks now.

☞ Utah Gentiles are down on female suffrage. They can vote but one wife.

☞ There was once an old lady who kissed a cow, though lots of young ladies kiss calves.

☞ We thought it was about time for the reappearance of the familiar old story, and it has come. The peach buds have been killed by the cold weather, as usual.

☞ "Hell has no fury like a woman scorned" has just been illustrated in Tennessee, where a Mr. Cardwell was shot dead by an infatuated woman for refusing a leap-year proposition.

☞ A Western editor speaks of his rival as "mean enough to steal the swill from a blind hog!" The rival retorts by saying: "He knows he lies; I never stole his swill."

☞ A murderer who was recently hanged, told the attending minister that if he had received half as much attention before being put into prison, he would never have been there.

☞ The Chinese have a custom at their weddings which we protest is no improvement upon our own practice on those blissful occasions. Instead of kissing the bride, the bridegroom and guests slap her gently on the mouth with their sandals.

☞ A duel between two Memphis youths was interrupted by the mother of one of them, who appeared suddenly on the scene and gave her hopeful a salutary spanking.

☞ A Rochester girl, in a note making indignant complaint because a man spit tobacco-juice on her silk dress in the street, says: "Never while men chew tobacco will I go to the polls to vote. This country may go to ruin before I will have my clothes spoiled, or even jeopardized."

☞ If you court a young woman and you are won and she is won, you will both be one.

☞ A night clerk who was called up by a woman who wanted to buy a "cent's worth of matches," he in a Lowell drug store, politely invited her to go where brimstone was free.

☞ We have always thought, says the New York Express, that the ladies might have their ear-rings of some practical value, especially in travelling; if, for instance, they would wear a good sized valise in one ear and an ordinary lunch basket in the other.

☞ A young hopeful of Janesville, Wisconsin, poked nine kernels of corn into his ears, and was perfectly happy until the surgeon made him shell out.

☞ A Pittsburg girl deeply laments the death of her dear aunt, occurring as it has in the midst of the party season.

☞ An elderly lady, who is entirely deaf, attends church regularly in Lafayette, Ind., and says she understands every word of the sermons from the motions of the preacher's lips.

☞ According to a St. Louis paper, when Alexis rises from his chair he "untelescopes his immense form."

☞ A Polish family in Wisconsin, dug up one of its members that had been buried a fortnight, to obtain the blood as medicine for another who was very sick. It was a superstition with them, that they would all go the same way unless this remedy was administered.

☞ Old "stove-pipe" hats may yet become valuable. A Philadelphia hatter, recently established at Madras, has written for a large consignment of them, for the use of the natives' idols.

☞ Bartholomew D. Stoughtenborough, of Illinois, is accused of writing his name often, and "revelling in its sinuous lengthiness."

☞ The fact that over six hundred personal applications, mostly by girls between fifteen and twenty, were made in one afternoon lately at the Grand Opera House, New York, to fill places in the ballet of a new spectacular play, is noted as an evidence of a fearful lack of employment among the girls of that city.

☞ A German lager-beer saloon keeper in New York is too fat to get through his doorway, and has not been in the street for several years.

☞ A Milwaukee waitress married $10,000 and a Mr. Desmond, on ten seconds acquaintance.

☞ Prince Bismarck has ordered that French shall cease to be the language of all diplomatic intercourse in which he has any personal part or official control.

☞ An Illinois cat, recently deceased at the age of 24, was made the subject of long and impressive funeral ceremonies.

☞ In New York there is an association entitled "The United Farmers' Christian Milk Company."

☞ It is said that at a New York house lately, a party of some half a dozen young men were assembled in the parlor, when one rather excitable looking person was accused of carrying concealed weapons. He acknowledged the fact—and offered to bet ten to one that every man present was armed in like manner. The wager was taken—and sure enough every man was protected with a six-shooter of improved pattern, and one or two carried sling-shots in addition.

☞ Mr. Gladstone's policy of employing publicity as a cure for intemperance, is being tried in England. The Liverpool Mercury of Jan. 23, publishes a list, for the first time, of the persons committed for drunkenness in the court of that borough. The list embraces 130 names for the one day's session, and the occupation and residence of each culprit are given. A large number are women.

Uncle Williard's Strategy.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ETHEL DANE.

"Which shall it be, Mildred, Andrew Vane, with thousands at his command—or Ernest Lee, with wealth and fame both to win?"

And Uncle Williard's cheery voice sounded pleasant as a June morning, as he glanced at the fair young girl sitting in the glare of the chandelier.

For a moment the bright piquant face turned saucily toward the speaker, then a vivid flush suffused cheek and brow.

"Oh, uncle, help me to choose!" she exclaimed. "It would be a sad mistake to find, when bound for life, that one unworthy had been chosen."

"Never fear, Milly! Both will be thoroughly tested—and if either are found wanting, their lives will neither be crowned with the blessing of your love."

"But they are seemingly upright, honorable men, with characters the world call fair—and there is no way to detect wrong, even if it should exist."

"Time will decide—but let the matter rest at present. Go dress for the opera, child, and we'll see what there is in the way of amusement, this evening."

And in the crowded hall of pleasure, no fair belle or languid beauty looked as sweet and lovely as did Mildred Arlington, seated in the private box of her uncle, Williard Leigh.

Two young men in particular—wending their way to her side, thought her the fairest of the fair.

Andrew Vane, stately and cynical, but bearing unmistakable evidence in his slightly Grecian features of being to the manor born.

Ernest Lee, with his fair face and blue eyes, almost effeminate of lineament, but possessing the true elements of success, firmness of will, and strength of soul.

These two were the suitors for Mildred's hand; and it seemed with their fine personal appearance, irreproachable character, and outwardly devoted love, difficult to make choice between them.

But there was this difference. Vane was a bold, handsome wooer, not fearing to assert his rights on all occasions, looking with covetous eyes towards the vast estate which might possibly accrue to him, should he succeed in winning Uncle Williard's heiress. For it was publicly known that Mildred was sole heiress of the Leigh estate—hence his very attentive devotion to one who represented a million of money.

Ernest Lee possessed little of this world's goods, and felt diffident in proclaiming his love to one so much higher in the scale of worldly prosperity than himself. How he anathematized the wealth Vane coveted! He even went so far as to wish, that by some chance fate, Mildred would be reduced to poverty. How quickly would he shield his darling!

There was a great crisis in '57. Fortunes that were thought to have been founded on a rock, proved beyond a doubt their solid foundation to be a myth; and scores of unsuspecting people awakened out of their false security, to find themselves portionless. Wealth had taken to itself wings and flown away, no one knew whither.

Uncle Williard and his attorney, Mr. Langdon, were closeted together for hours, and came forth from the conference with an odd look of mystery on each countenance.

"Milly, my dear," said her uncle, "we are passing through a financial crisis—but I will not annoy you with business. I came to announce my intention of changing our residence to the old homestead, at Maple Grove. Select your wardrobe for a lengthy period—and choose one of the servants to accompany us."

Mildred turned to obey, filled with vague wonder. Were the luxuries she had learned to love, to be swept from her path?

"Williard Leigh had failed!" so city gossip said.

But aside from the facts that the palatial residence was closed and in the care of the attorney, and that its occupants had removed to the country, nothing else was known. Three moons had waned since the crisis in the fashionable circles of B——, and Mildred had found in that short space that the score of friends who hovered around her in the gay circles of city life were as transient as the summer swallows, twittering near in prosperity but few remaining in adversity.

Summer with her wealth of roses had flown; and October with its hazy skies, and mellow tints of gold and red was lending a new beauty to Maple Grove, tinging the forest trees with their richest robes of autumnal glory. Under their branches Mildred sat with the bright-hued leaves falling around her.

Her heart was sad—not with the loss of fortune—for of all the luxuries that had dropped out of her life, none were missed so much as Ernest Lee's love. For in the days that had passed she had learned to look upon him with more than friendly feeling.

Andrew Vane had passed her by in scornful haughtiness when it was rumored that Uncle Williard had failed, and very soon proffered his love and attention to another reigning heiress.

But she could not believe that Ernest Lee had wooed her with such a sordid motive.

"Mildred!"

She glanced up, and met the gaze of her lover's eyes peering wistfully into her own.

"Am I welcome?" he asked, seating himself by her side.

"Certainly!" she replied; "our friends are not so numerous that we need refuse a welcome to any."

"Mildred, I love you with the truest love, but I have not wealth to offer. Will you accept the homage of a faithful heart, and be my wife?"

No words came in reply, but a fair hand was placed confidingly in that of the speaker's.

"Thank you, darling!" he exclaimed, clasping her to his heart; "I will shield you with zealous care."

* * * * * *

Christmas brought its merry cheer to many a waiting heart; but to none came purer joy than to the fair bride given away in the little cottage at Maple Grove.

When the congratulations were over, Uncle Williard handed the bride a paper, saying:

"This is your marriage portion, my dear."

Glancing over its contents she saw it was a deed of gift—of the handsome city residence—to Ernest and Mildred Lee.

"Why, uncle, I thought you had failed?"

"Only a ruse, Milly, to detect the true from the false! Mr. Vane was seeking my wealth, but failed to get possession. Mr. Lee thought he was taking a portionless bride, but she is heiress to half a million."

So the secret was out, for Uncle Williard and Mr. Langdon had planned, it expecting the result which followed.

The young couple moved to their city home, and Mildred found herself again in fashionable society; but the glitter and pomp were as nothing to her, for in home and home duties consisted her life's happiness.

Uncle Williard still remains at Maple Grove, among the scenes of his boyhood, regretting not the strategy he used in selecting a life companion for his niece.

APPROACHING SPRING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GEORGE M. VICKERS.

Spring is coming; genial sunshine
Soon will make the meadows green,
Fill the leafless boughs with foliage,
Gladden all this dreary scene.
Soon the buttercups and daisies
Will succeed the melting snow,
And the April showers urge the
Stubborn mountain drifts to go.

Soon the frog will croak a greeting
To his namesake on the tree,
While the evening hum of insects
And the murmur of the sea
Blend in music low, and sweeter
Than the choicest strains of art—
Nature's soft and plaintive whisperings
Ever soothe the weary heart.

Countless songs in happy numbers
Yearly greet the coming May;
Yet her brightness seems the brightness
Of a sad October day
To the souls that Fate has frozen
In the depths of bitter woe—
And the warbler's voice but mocks the
Hidden griefs we may not show.

An English Railway Incident.

BY N. S. DODGE.

I was starting some weeks ago from Glasgow for London by rail. Within the second-class smoking carriage I had entered, cigar alight, sat a well-dressed elderly gentleman, a lad, scarcely twenty years old, attired like an Oxford undergraduate, and a tall, fine-looking Scotchman of perhaps thirty. The bell had rung and the train was just ready to start, when three other persons, whom I had noticed loitering on the platform, jumped hastily in and took their seats. All three were of middle age, and two of them, whose garb indicated that they were sporting characters, had that blasé look which juvenile "gents" often assume, as if it were something to be proud of, while those with whom it is the settled expression, are as often at considerable pains to get rid of. The third seemed to be a gentleman farmer, though it was soon made apparent that his only claim to be so considered lay in the costume he had adopted.

The sky was dull and cloudy, and occasionally small spurts of rain came down, veiling the distant landscape from view. A few common-place remarks were exchanged relative to the weather, and a feeble attempt was made to get up a conversation; but it would not do, and for a full hour we rode on in silence, save for the noise of the rushing train, when one of the sporting gentlemen drew a pack of cards from his breast pocket and proposed that we should keep ourselves awake by a friendly game. As no one responded to the invitation, the proposer selected three cards from the pack, and began to show an amusing trick by way of pastime. Of the three cards one was a Jack, and the trick consisted in offering to bet a sovereign that this card, after shuffling, could not be drawn. I looked on amused. My elderly neighbor flew into a storm of indignation. The confederates, as I now made sure they were, jeered at his objections and threats. The Scotchman remained silent.

"I'll bet you a sovereign," said the lad eagerly, "that I draw the knave."

"Dinna be so daft, laddie," interposed the Scotchman, arresting the boy's arm as he was drawing forth his purse; "ye'll only lose your siller."

"And what's that to you?" cried the quasi-country gentleman, now coming out in his true character. "The gentleman can do as he likes, I suppose, and we'll have none of your meddling!" At the same time he dashed away the Scotchman's arms, and starting up suddenly, stood over him with his clenched fist within an inch of his face.

But the bully had mistaken his man. His greed must have blinded him to the brawny chest and huge hands and feet of the Scotchman. The next moment his head rang against the back of the carriage, and he lay motionless as if dazed with the violence of the shock, his unexpected adversary, perfectly cool, standing over him.

"I ne'er allow ony mon to put a fist i' my face!" he said in broad Lowland speech. "No mon, no matter how braw he may be! Gin ye do that again, ye'll be the waur of it." Straightening his back, square and lithe as an Ayrshire bull's, he looked upon the three gamblers with a touch of "wha-daur-meddle-wi'-me" in the gleam of his eye, and quietly resumed his seat.

I confess I enjoyed it. There was a freedom from cant and an infusion of Christian brawn in the proceeding that was sanctifying. It was the best muscular sermon I was ever present at. The bully sat cowed, muttering savagely to himself, but not daring to renew the assault. Besides, the man who held the cards, seeing the mettle to be dealt with, had said, "Be quiet, David! What's the good of making a disturbance?" David was, therefore, quiet, shifting himself into a corner and closing his eyes as if for a nap.

This whole scene ought to have opened the eyes of the youth who had volunteered the wager. He was still eager, however, to try his fortune. None of us interfered; even the Scotchman was silent, save with a whisper to me, "That lad's a puier daft chiel; let him go to the de'il his ain gate!" And he did.

Of course the boy won his earlier bets. The tricksters intended he should. But shortly losing came oftenest. He grew hot and excited. Anxiety flushed his cheeks. Before half an hour had elapsed it became evident that it was anything but sport to him; the few sovereigns in his purse had vanished, and he had changed a £20 note with his adversary, the sum of which was fast melting away. The fellow called David, though pretending to sleep, I could see was cognizant of all that was going on, and seemed perfectly content. I gave an appealing look to the brawny Scotchman, but it was to no purpose. He would not interfere again. Our elderly companion was too nervous to be of any service. I ventured, therefore, to give the lad a hint.

"My friend," I said, "you are paying dearly for that amusement. Let me advise you to stop!"

To my surprise, the sharper in the most civil manner endorsed my advice. "Yes," he said blandly, "the luck runs against you; suppose we shut up. You'll want money for travelling expenses, you know."

"No, no," shouted the other, "I'm not going to be humbugged. I've lost near twenty pounds, and I've a right to win it back if I can. I know what I'm about and don't want anybody's advice; when I do want it, I'll ask for it."

It was plainly of no use to interfere further. In a few minutes the infatuated lad had staked his last gold piece and lost it. He searched his pockets, turned them inside out, examined each compartment of his pocket-book, and emptying his netted purse searched among its silver for a sovereign. It was in vain. The silly boy was cleaned out.

"I'll accomodate you with twenty pounds on the security of your watch and chain," remarked the sharper.

"Done, replied the boy, and the loan was made. Thus reimbursed, he insisted upon renewing the game, "to win back his own," as he said. Brief indeed was the contest that now ensued. The crafty head had the silly heart in its leash. There was hardly occasion to practice the customary wiles. The victim was eager to be deceived. It was pitiful to witness his loss of one gold piece after another; with scarcely over a turn of luck—if what was transparent fraud can be dignified with such an honest Saxon word. Perspiration streamed down the face of the silly fool. He could not repress his excitement. The twenty sovereigns disappeared in less than as many minutes. I think we were all glad. Protracted suffering is not agreeable to onlookers. The inevitable in such a case cannot come too speedily. No sooner had the manipulator of the cards drained his victim dry, than he deliberately restored the cards to the pack, deposited it in his coat pocket, took out his cigar case, lighted a cigar, and coldly settled down to the enjoyment of its fragrance.

Out of compassion I turned my face away from the "plucked pigeon." The Scotchman did the same. But the poor fellow's feelings were too much for him. After struggling with them for a time, he was weak enough to burst into a passion of tears. This relieved him in some degree, and by way of apologizing for his weakness, he began to say that he would not have cared so much for the loss of the money but that the watch was a present from his mother, now dead, and that he valued it far beyond its worth, though it had cost more than double the sum he had received for it.

"Well," said the man who had received the watch, "you can have it again if you choose. Send to my address in Birmingham with the twenty pounds, and I will return the watch and chain." At the same time he handed the lad his card. As we approached the next station, the poor lad drew his portmanteau from beneath the seat, and announced his intention of returning home by the next train. We lost him when we stopped.

When the train moved on again, the Scotchman thought fit to take the sharpers to task for their cruelty to the lad. "My dear sir," said the chief performer, speaking with an unction that was edifying, "you may depend upon it this morning's work is the very best thing that could have happened to the young man. It will do him more good than anything else, and will be worth more than the money it has cost him. He is immensely conceited, as you must have noticed, and this experience will take the conceit out of him. If he had taken the advice you were good enough to offer him, he would have saved his money and his watch, and might now be enjoying his holiday, instead of returning home penniless. Another time he will remember the lesson of to-day, and will not despise the advice of a friend. Will you take a cigar, sir?"

"Excuse me!" replied the Scotchman. "It's nae agin my rule to ride or talk, or fight wi' folk o' your kin. But the time will be sair lang afore I draw a whiff or tak' a wille waught wi' a professor *wha inculcates morality by rule o' the thumb.*"—*Golden Age.*

THE TIDES.

The tides purify and wash the shores, cleaning and sweeping our ports; the currants, which result therefrom, disencumber our roadsteads of the masses of mud which load them, clear the mouths of rivers, and produce a pure and wholesome freshness. These undulations of the ocean, these powerful pulsations of the water, are influenced by stars which are separated from our planets by millions of leagues; nor have they less mathematical regularity than that which directs those planetary bodies themselves. At a fixed hour the formidable masses of water, raised by an invisible power, rise and approach the shore. They rise, they precipitate themselves with resistless power, but only to stop gently at a precise moment, without ever passing the boundary which Nature has traced. It is surely an honor to the human race to have succeeded in calculating the very hour, nay, the exact minute, in which the oscillations of the sea begin and end in every part of our globe.

Nevertheless, as yet unknown combinations will, at times, produce terrible disasters that cannot be avoided by any foresight or precaution. Thus, occasionally, a powerful wind happens to blow in the same direction with the tide, and gives it incredible force and fury. No lofty embankment reared by the hand of man, no rocky rampart raised by Nature herself, can then withstand its power; and towns are swept away in an instant, and thousands of persons lose their lives. In some parts of the globe the tide produces remarkable effects from the peculiar formation of the coast which it strikes. The most striking instance is that of the island of Mauritius, where a long rocky promontory runs far out into the sea, and has been worn by the waves into numerous caves and grottoes of marvelous beauty and grotesqueness. The waters have forced for themselves outlet through the roof of one of these caves, and when the tidal wave reaches the coast it fills the cave, and then, with indescribable grandeur, flies through the opening to a height of sixty feet, accompanied by a thundering roar which is heard for miles out at sea.—*From the "Wonders of Water."*

A NEW FLYING MACHINE.

A flying machine has not yet been perfected, though many ingenious plans have been tried. The latest attempt to make a machine which can be sustained in the air for a long period, and moved in any direction at the will of the operator, has been made by a Philadelphia mechanic, who has been experimenting for four years. We were present at a private exhibition of the model.

The model embraces a cigar-shaped balloon, twelve feet long by six in diameter, and the car and machinery are suspended. A copper globe, one foot in diameter, is filled with compressed air, communicating through a hollow rod with a small engine, which drives three paddles on each side. When the compressed air is liberated the paddles are driven at any degree of velocity, and can propel the machine at a speed of eight miles an hour. The paddles can be depressed and raised, and thus act as the steering apparatus. The success of the model was astonishing. The flying machine moved majestically through the air, sometimes in a circle of the room, sometimes in a straight line, and again revolving on an imaginary pivot, instantly obeying the touch of the operator.

Mr. Judson claims for his machine, that, unlike the balloon, it does not require expenditure of ballast to rise, or the loss of gas to descend. After inflation the float is untouched, and the paddles can run it either up or down at an angle of thirty degrees.

It is the intention of Mr. Judson to build a larger model for exhibition in one of our large halls. All the profits thus derived are to be strictly applied to the construction of a large real flying machine, large enough to carry a man, and Mr. Judson is hopeful that if the public sustains him—why, the machine will sustain him also.—*Philadelphia Post.*

☞ An undertaker's office, in Indianapolis, recently bore this cheerful inscription on the front door: "Gone for a dead man—back soon."

☞ "Old Probabilities," it seems, does not find his task an easy one in all quarters. An indignation meeting was recently held at Lake Village, Florida, at which a resolution was adopted, with scarcely a dissenting voice, to drive away the Signal Service observer at that place "because it was believed that his instruments caused the unexampled bad weather and large amount of rain which has fallen lately."

☞ On the woman question a lady says: "You may look at this matter in whatever light you will, but simmer it down, and it is but a quarrel with the Almighty that we are not all men."

☞ If your sister, while tenderly engaged in a tender conversation with a tender sweetheart, asks you to bring a glass of water from an adjoining room, you can start on the errand but you need not return. You will not be missed.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE RECENT STORMS.

Reports received at Omaha, February 14th, state that the snow-bound trains are in about the same position as on Tuesday. Additional snow plows and provisions have been sent to the blockaded section. Nine passenger trains and about one thousand cars of freight are detained by the blockade. Another snow storm occurred at Omaha on Wednesday. The severest snow storm of the season occurred in the Northwest, on Monday night. At Sioux City, Iowa, the temperature fell forty degrees in two hours, and Tuesday morning it marked eighteen below zero. Several persons are believed to have perished in Monday's storm.

It is feared at St. Paul, that a Canadian surveying party of twenty-five persons, under Colonel McNab, who left Duluth for the north shore of Lake Superior, about a month since, have perished. They left Duluth in open boats, and were last heard from on the 24th ult., when a storm was prevailing. A report prevails at Sioux City, Iowa, that "Spotted Tail" and his band were frozen to death in a recent storm, but the statement has been contradicted.

Through Illinois the weather has been intensely cold, and several persons have been frozen to death.

SENTENCED.

Joseph F. Marcer, the defaulting City Treasurer, of Philadelphia, and Charles T. Yerkes, Jr., his late financial agent, have been sentenced, the former to a fine of $300,000 and solitary confinement at labor in the Penitentiary for the period of four years and nine months, and the latter to a fine of $500 and confinement in the Penitentiary for the period of two years and nine months. Mr. Marcer was convicted of loaning the city's money, and Mr. Yerkes of the larceny of a check for $33,000, the property of the city.

SUPREME COURT JUDGMENT.

Henry Hubn and William S. Allen, who had been sitting for a long time as members of the Common Council, of Philadelphia, in violation of the law which prohibits the surety of any officer of the city corporation from holding a seat in Councils, were on the 12th inst. ousted from office by a judgment of the Supreme Court of the State.

ITEMS.

The British Minister at Washington expresses the belief that there will be no serious difficulty between the United States and his government respecting the interpretation of the Washington Treaty.

New Orleans enjoys at present a visit from the Grand Duke Alexis. His Highness was serenaded on the evening of the 14th, at the St. Charles Hotel.

A full jury has been obtained in the case of Stokes, indicted for the murder of James Fisk, Jr.

The public schools at Islip, and other towns on Long Island, are closed on account of the scarlet fever.

The steamship Republic, from Liverpool, on the 8th, encountered a furious hurricane, a mountainous sea lasting forty-eight hours, during which all the boats excepting one were washed overboard, and considerable damage done to the upper part of the steamer. Mr. Williams, the second officer, was struck by a fearful sea and seriously injured.

Small-pox has appeared in several parts of the Dominion of Canada.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The excitement over the Alabama claims still continues. Most of the prominent papers advocate a moderate course on the part of the British government. On Sunday February 11, prayers were offered in all the churches at Sheffield for the prevention of war between England and the United States. The London Times of February 14, considers the situation more satisfactory.

Official information has been received that the Earl of Mayo, Governor General of India had been assassinated. In the House of Lords the Duke of Argyle, with several other lords pronounced eulogies on the deceased.

In the House of Commons Mr. Gladstone stated that on the evening of the 8th instant the Earl of Mayo was stabbed by a Mahomedan convict, and, soon after receiving his wound, expired. The Premier proceeded to express the regret the whole country would feel at the sudden death of this distinguished statesman, and was followed by Mr. Disraeli, who referred to the great public services of the deceased in terms of the highest praise.

THE "ALABAMA" CLAIMS.

It is reported in Paris on good authority that the United States will not waive their claims on England for indirect damages, but may be induced to moderate them.

Charles Francis Adams, American member of the Geneva Tribunal, will return to Europe in May.

The *Journal des Debats*, commenting on the controversy over the Alabama claims, declares that England and America are both wrong, and fear that protracted misunderstanding may lead to a rupture.

The report that Mr. Washburne, American Minister to France, was about to leave on a visit to the United States, is erroneous.

The English expedition to search the interior of Africa for Dr. Livingstone has left London, the necessary funds having been subscribed to defray its expenses.

The assassination of the Earl of Mayo causes intense excitement throughout India. The murderer has been tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hung.

Depatches from Teheran state that the famine in Persia continues with unabated fury.

Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, British member of the Geneva Board, approves his government's refusal to admit the claims for indirect damages.

THE BRIDE ON HER WEDDING TOUR.

Relative to the behavior of brides who make their wedding tours to Washington, the correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial in that city writes the following: "If you go down to your breakfast at the hotel, say at 10½ or 11, you will see a perfect school, or flock, or drove of them. There they sit at the little round tables all over the room, and they look very pretty—I mean the brides, of course; for the men, great sheepish fellows, are not worth looking at. There they sit, in the properest kind of attitude; they would not have you for the world think they were at that very moment the happiest girls on earth. Their dress is of the properest kind—a subdued or neutral shade, trimmed with velvet and fringe, or embroidery; a dainty little hat, with a bow of ribbon, a patch of velvet, a plume, a shred of lace, and a bright flower trying to hide among them all, even as she is trying to hide the blushes that come and go on her round cheeks. The little doves always come to breakfast in their hats, and carry their little coats and muffs and gloves in their little hands. This is the style, fair girls, if you have any such thing in view. She may go right back to her room and read over the letters he used to write her all day long, and not go out of the hotel at all; but it is the style to go down with hat on and all things ready. It is very amusing to watch these people at the hotel. They come to every meal—breakfast, lunch, dinner and supper. At breakfast they looked very pretty, at lunch so-so, at dinner they are resplendent, and at supper pale and tired. You see them at their best at dinner. It is there that they shake out the wrinkles in their new dresses. Yesterday the pretty bride went to dinner in black silk Valenciennes; to-day she wore a light blue silk, long train, trimmed with *point applique*; to-morrow she will wear ashes-of-rose silk, with white satin trimming and fringe; the day following, if she stay long, she will wear a very handsome black silk walking suit, and the following morning you will see her at the early breakfast, with her demure little travelling suit on, for she is going in the morning train—going back to begin her future—but whether for good or ill depends largely on herself."

MADLY IN LOVE WITH ALEXIS.

The Omaha Bee, at the time of Alexis's tour in the West, had the following singular story:—

"Among the passengers on the regular train from St. Louis, was a well-dressed and well-appearing lady, who made inquiries as to the whereabouts of the Grand Duke. "On learning, she expressed a good deal of regret at not having arrived sooner, and so conducted herself as to cause inquiry. It was learned that she belongs in a small town near St. Louis, and is a maiden lady of some twenty-six summers, who has conceived the singular infatuation that she is the destined wife of the Grand Duke Alexis. She attempted to take passage on the ducal train when it left St. Louis, but was prevented. She finally secured a ticket on the regular train, and arrived here only a few hours behind the one on which Alexis rode. She expressed a determination of going with him on his buffalo hunt, but failed in securing a seat in the Pullman cars. She belongs to a good family, and has plenty of means to carry out her whim of following his highness over the country—but so far her devotion has met with no reward, Alexis not deigning to bestow upon her a single glance. She is not discouraged, however, but seems confident in the ultimate result of her mission—and, as it is leap-year, she does not have that modesty in pursuit of her object that is usual with maidens of an uncertain age. She first met the Duke at his reception in St. Louis, and to use a common phrase, she has been 'struck' after him ever since. She says she will only desist when he shall make her the Grand Duchess. She remained at the Ninth street depot all the time Alexis was up-town, patiently waiting for his return. There is little doubt but she is (a monomaniac upon this subject, and should be taken care of."

LYING IN BED.

Hall's Journal of Health says: "Up to eighteen years, every child should be allowed ten hours to be in bed. They may not require ten hours' sleep, but time should be allowed to rest in bed, after the sleep is over, until they feel as if they had rather get up than not. It is a very great and mischievous mistake for any person, old or young, especially children, and feeble or sedentary persons, to bounce out of bed the moment they wake up: all our instincts shrink from it, and fiercely kick against it. Fifteen or twenty minutes spent in gradually waking up, after the eyes are opened, and in turning over and stretching the limbs, does as much good as sound sleep, because these operations set the blood in motion by degrees, tending to equalize the circulation; for during sleep the blood tends to stagnation, the heart beats feebly and slow, and to shock the system by bouncing up in an instant and sending the blood in overpowering quantity to the heart, causing it to assume a gallop when the instant before it was in a creep, is the greatest absurdity. This instantaneous bouncing out of the bed as soon as the eyes are opened will be followed by weariness long before noon."

FRENCH VANITY.

In the "Memoirs of Charles Mayne Young" there is a striking illustration of the influence of vanity as an element in human motive. During the first French Revolution, Lafayette, wishing to disperse a mob composed of the most brutal rabble in Paris, ordered a young officer of artillery to load and train on them two guns. Before the command to fire was given, the officer begged to be allowed to try a milder remedy. He was told that it was useless to attempt to reason with such brutes. "But I do not mean to appeal to their reason," he replied, "but to their vanity." Permission being then reluctantly given, he approached the crowd, and briefly addressed them:

"Respectable persons will have the goodness to withdraw; I have orders to fire only on the *canaille*."

And immediately, as nobody wished to be considered one of the *canaille*, the entire crowd proved its claim to be ranked among respectable persons by scampering off as fast as possible.

AN ARISTOCRATIC CAT.

A melancholy death is reported in the Scotch papers—that of an immense cat, the property of a hair-dresser in Edinburgh. This animal was, it is stated, one of the sights of Edinburgh, was a model of beauty, and was the king of cats. So highly was he esteemed by his fellow-citizens, that he was not permitted to take part in the cat-show the other day in London, it being considered that in consequence of his extreme obesity the journey would prove too fatiguing for him. About a month ago he began to exhibit signs of failing health, and was removed from the shop to the private residence of his owner, in the hope that change of air might prove beneficial. These hopes unfortunately were not realized; his illness increased daily, and it was found necessary to call in the aid of three veterinary surgeons, who for the last few days of his life prescribed a teaspoonful of port-wine to be taken every quarter of an hour. A *post-mortem* examination proved he died of fat." He was fifteen and a-half years old. He ought to be sent to a *museum*.

PARIS THE CITY OF THE POOR.

We quote from "Ouida." How beautiful and how true are her words! The thought, too, we think, is original:

"City of pleasure you have called her, and with truth, but why not also City of the Poor? for what city like herself has remembered the poor in her pleasures, and given to them, no less than to the richest, the treasures of her laughing sunlight, of her melodious music, of her gracious hues, of her million flowers, of her shady leaves, of her divine ideals? Oh, world! when you let Paris die you will let your last youth die with her. Your rich will mourn a Paradise deserted, but your poor will have need to weep with tears of blood for the ruin of the sole Eden whose sunlight sought them in their shadow, whose music found them in their loneliness, whose glad, green ways were open to their tired feet, whose radiance smiled the sorrow from their aching eyes, and in whose wildest errors and whose vainest dreams their wants and woes were unforgotten."

☞ It is said that washerwomen in Washington are in the habit of persuading the unsuspicious customer that it requires from six to ten days to properly iron and wash his clothes. The work is usually accomplished on the first or second day, and then the lady of the washtub hires out to others such garments as they may select for a day's or night's wearing. This system of hiring is said to be carried on very extensively, and a shrewd washerwoman can earn from $5 to $6 a week extra in this way.

☞ A Peasant in Poland, who is nine feet high, claims to be the tallest man in the world. He's a Pole.

A LEAP YEAR NOTION.

An ancient leap-year custom, peculiar to Spaniards and Mexicans, is described as follows by a paper published in the southern part of California, where it is still practiced; "The names of ladies and gentlemen known to be mutually acquainted are written upon slips of paper and deposited in hats, the name of a lady being drawn simultaneously from one hat with that of a gentleman from another, the two whose names are thus drawn to be *compadres* and *comadres* to each other for the year. The obligations incurred toward each other by the relationship are very simple. The gentleman is to be the escort of the lady on any and every occasion that she may desire, and she, in turn must consider herself engaged for any and every entertainment which he may wish to attend. Of course the relationship can be dissolved by mutual consent, either temporarily or permanently, during the period for which the agreement is made."

It is rough work that polishes. Look at the pebbles on the shore! Far inland, where some arm of the sea thrusts itself deep into the bosom of the land, and, expanding into a salt loch, lies girdled by the mountains, sheltered from the storms that agitate the deep, the pebbles on the beach are rough, not beautiful; angular, not rounded. It is where long white lines of breakers roar, and the rattling shingle is rolled about the strand, that its pebbles are rounded and polished. As in nature, as in art, so in grace; it is rough treatment that gives souls, as well as stones, their lustre. The more the diamond is cut, the brighter it sparkles; and in what seems hard dealing, there God has no end in view but to perfect His people's graces.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

"What in the world will become of these Chicago people?" said Mrs. Snubbins, glancing over her morning paper. "Why, they have not even recovered their health yet, not one of 'em." "Not recovered their health yet, why, what do you mean?" quoth her astonished partner. "Mean," she returned, "have not the reports in the papers every morning since the fire been headed 'Chicago, Ill?'"

☞ Ten Yale College students have just been suspended for snowballing passers-by.

☞ New Hampshire was recently treated to thunder and lightning in the midst of a snow-storm.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1850 head, and sold at 7½@8c. 200 Cows brought $40@65 ₩ head. Sheep—16,000 head were disposed of at 6@6½c. ₩ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at $7,25@7,75 ₩ 100 lbs net.

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oct21-26t

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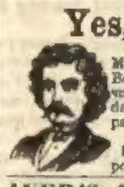

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WIT AND HUMOR.

AN ADROIT REPROOF.

A presiding elder of the United Brethren Church was preaching in Minnesota, and was much annoyed by persons talking and laughing. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said, "I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave in church. In the early part of my ministry I made a great mistake. As I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking, and almost continually making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the services, one of the official members came and said to me: 'Brother, you made a great mistake. The young man whom you reproved is an idiot.' Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave in church, lest I should repeat the mistake and reprove another idiot." During the rest of the sermon at least, there was good order.

NEEDED REORGANIZING.

Artemus Ward, in one of his letters, thus gives his ideas of reorganization:—

"I never attempted to reorganize my wife but once. I shall never attempt to do it again. I'd been to a public dinner, and had allowed myself to be betrayed into drinkin' to several people's healths; and wishin' to make 'em robust as possible, I continued drinkin' their health until my own was affected. Consekense was, I presented myself to Betsy's bedside late at nite with considerable licker concealed about my person. I had somehow got possession of a hoss-whip on my way home, and remembrin' some cranky observation of Mrs. Ward's in the mornin', I snapped the whip putty lively, and in a very loud voice I said: "Betsy, you need organizin'. I have come, Betsy,' I continued, crackin' the whip over the bed, 'I have come to reorganize you.' I dreamed that nite that somebody laid a hoss-whip across me several times—and when I woke up I found she had. I hain't drank much of anything since; and if I ever have another reorganizin' job on hand, I shall let it out."

A SECRET.

"How do you do, Mrs. Tone—have you heard that story about Mrs. Ludy?"

"Why, no, Mrs. Gad—do tell!

"Oh, I promised not to tell for all the world; no I must never tell on't. I am afaid it will git out."

"Why, I'll never tell on't as long as I live, jest as true as the world; what is it, come tell."

"Now you won't say anything about it, will you?"

"No, I'll never open my head about it, never. Hope to die this minit."

"Well, if you'll believe me, Mrs. Funday told me last night, that Mrs. Trot told her that her sister's husband was told by a person who dreamed it, that Mrs. Trouble's oldest daughter told Mrs. Nichen's that her grandmother heard by a letter that she got from her third sister's second husband's oldest brother's step-daughter, that it was reported by the captain of a clamboat arrrived from the Feejee Islands, that the mermaids about that section wore sharkskin bustles, stuffed with pickled eels toes!"

THE CORRUPTION OF LANGUAGE.

"Sur," said an Irish philologist to an anxious inquirer, "there is no slang in the colliokial expressions of my countrymen. Ivery word, sur, deservedly has an honerably pedigree, bedad! But corruption is sittin' into language, and contraction playin' the divil wid the words of it. Luck, if you plaze, at that bastely 'alms;' that was once a word of five syllables, and is now a beggar wid wan. Thin luck at 'shanty,' properly 'shed handy;' and again, at 'shindy,' that some whelp too cowardly to fight and too lazy to spake classical English, has abbreviated from 'shindigladation'—a most beautiful and expressive term, bedad! significant of the manly sport that lint so much glory and renown to the sons of ould Ireland. It's a sorrow and a shame!—it is—and the world is sufferin' from it the day, bedad!"

REMARKABLE VISIONS.—A lady once visited the Roman Catholic Bishop Milner, seeking spiritual counsel, and related, as a part of her experience, some remarkable visions with which she said she had been favored. "Oh, father!" exclaimed she, "aren't they lovely? Aren't they heavenly? Isn't it a blessed thing to be so privileged?" "Very lovely, very heavenly," replied the old bishop, "and as you say, my dear child, it is a blessed privilege; but don't you think you had better take a little blue pill?"

"ONE-EYED Winston was" (and probably is now) a negro preacher in Virginia, and his ideas of theology and human nature are often very original, as the following anecdote may prove. A gentleman thus accosted the old gentleman one Sunday: "Winston, I understand you believe every woman has seven devils. Now, how can you prove it?" "Well, sah, did you never read in de Bible how de seben debbels were cast out'er Mary Magdalene!" "Oh! yes; I've read that." "Did you ebber hear of 'em bein' cast out of any odder woman, sah?" "No, I never did." "Well, den, all de odders got 'em yet?"

SMITH and Jones were at the menagerie, and the conversation turned on Darwin's theory. "Look at that monkey," said Smith. "Think of its being an undeveloped human!" "Human!" said Jones, contemptuously, "It's no more human than I am."

FOND mother—"John, do look at that child: it has you watch in its mouth, and will swallow it!" John (who is a bachelor brother-in-law, and very fond of babies)—"Oh, don't be the least alarmed: I've got hold of the chain. It can't go far."—*Tableau.*

A FURRIER wishing to inform his customers that he altered their old furs to suit the fashion, wound up his advertisement as follows: "N. B. Capes, victorines, &c., made up for ladies in fashionable style out of their own skins."

THERE is a man Down East, rather a facetious chap, whose name is New. He christened his first child Something, as it was something new. His next child was christened Nothing, it being nothing new.

I caddled her softly in my arm,
My gentle, blue-eyed Kate;
She squealed, "Let go, you foolish thing,
You hurt my vaccinate!"

A POLICEMAN gave five dollars to the Chicago fund, and in less than an hour he found ten dollars in the pocket of a drunken man whom he arrested. Another man was asked to contribute, but declined, and within two hours a dog bit him in the leg, and he heard that his mother-in-law had come to stay six months with him. Is it not true that virtue is its own reward?

NOT HIS FAULT.—Waiter, (to cook.)—"George, gent in No. 3 says as his potatoes ain't good—says as they've all got black eyes in 'em." George, (real name Patrick.)—"Bedad, thin, it's no fault of mine. Sure the spalpeens have been foightin' after I put 'em in the pot!"

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 14.

THE RED INN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

If ever the winds were bent upon a carnival, they were out for that purpose on the night of October 25th, 18—. They squealed among the loose locks about my ears; they whipped my face with the knotted fringes of my scarf; they caught up handsful of dirt, gravel, and dry leaves, and dashed them into my eyes and mouth, and then tore shrieking through the adjoining woodlands.

Now, I like a good, steady, sociable breeze, that isn't ill-mannered, and don't fling all sorts of rubbish about as if bent upon getting up a row; but on this said October night, I recollect I was not over pleased to meet this wind in its riotous mood. It betokened a storm. Now a storm is a sociable state of the weather, if all about you are well housed and well cared for, and your mind is in a dormant state as regards the poor and the afflicted in the world; but when caught out in a fall storm, in a wild section of country, with no sign of a human habitation near, and night approaching, the case changes its features considerably. Besides, I had the uncomfortable feeling of being on the wrong road. I was not sure of this, else, of course, I should have turned about. Still there was the presentiment that I might be wrong. I turned frequently to scan the face of the country, as I was sure it must be somewhere thereabouts that I should discover a human habitation. The day was cloudy, but my watch told me that it was sunset already, and dusk immediately fell when I entered the woody district. For some little time I had fancied that I heard the faint strokes of an axe to the northward of me; and I was both pleased and surprised to suddenly come upon an old fellow trudging along with an axe upon his back.

He glanced up from under his slouched hat, as I came abreast of him, and gave me a gruff "Good-day, sir."

"So, then, it was your axe that I heard ringing out it echoes, was it, my good man?"

"Likely enough," he replied.

"Can you tell me if I am on the right road to Sheltonville? I fancy that I may be out of the track."

"For the matter of five miles, or thereabout. You should have taken the left-hand way, back at the Forks."

I was vexed. I met a sensible enough looking man a mile beyond the Forks, who told me to keep directly ahead for Sheltonville.

"Wur!" grunted he. "One of the fools that's like a post with the sign-board gone; you know by it that the road leads somewheres, and that is all."

"Precisely," I rejoined, and then ventured the question, "Is there anywhere about here a habitation where a traveller can get shelter for the night?"

"Yes, yes, most likely, most likely. The Red Inn is but two and a half miles away; and although the road is middling rough and gridirony 'tween here and there, you can make it easy before bed-time. Up from Clayton, stranger?"

"Came that way," I replied. "What, have you a cabin hereabouts?" I asked, seeing that he halted and was apparently about to strike into a bridle-path on the right.

"Jest a hive—nothing more. Three of us fellows are making a clearing, and find it more profitable to camp right here than to travel a matter of two miles for the sake of the better accommodations of the settlements."

So we said good-night, and I soon lost him in the darkness, but I rode on with renewed courage at the prospect of so soon finding a shelter and refreshments for myself and my jaded horse.

At that time I was in the employment of government, and did not like to be belated upon unfrequented roads; for, whether I had money, or whether I had none, it was generally supposed that I might be loaded with the stuff.

After my anatomy had been jounced and shaken quite into a jelly, I cleared the piece of timber, and came upon the more open land, which suggested civilization. My eyes were farther delighted to discern in the distance a fixed gleam of light, which, as the night was starless, betokened a human habitation.

I got over the ground as rapidly as possible, for a few straggling drops of rain fell wide apart, at intervals.

When I came up to the Red Inn it was nearly too dark to make out the dimensions of the building, but it seemed like a square two-story house, with a huge stack for a chimney, projecting from the central part of the four-sided roof.

The landlord, lantern in hand, came out to the door, and narrowly surveyed me from head to foot.

"Can I put up here?" I questioned, being the first to speak.

He seemed, I thought, to hesitate.

"Come in for refreshments; and if you choose to, remain all night," was the singular reply.

I threw myself from my jaded horse, and heard the wind crying about the juts and angles as if it had human voice.

"Promises a storm," quoth mine host, after signalling the stable-boy to take charge of my horse.

"Yes; and a bad night to get over the abominable roads of a new country."

"You are right," he returned, leading the way into the bar-room.

There were only about a half a dozen persons present, and these quite evidently were transient ones; for, in less than an hour one after the other, lighting their pipes, went out, save two men, who proved to be quartered there for the night.

Meanwhile, a substantial supper was brought in, to which I did ample justice, all the while feeling strangely puzzled by the appearance of my host. He seemed nervous, if not frightened, in his manner, and finally, when the last of the idle loungers were gone, he spoke:

"Gentlemen, I feel it my duty to explain matters to you, and then you can do as you choose about remaining, or pushing on in the storm. I have hesitated to inform these other guests; but on your arrival, sir," turning towards me, "it seemed plain that I must tell you. The Red Inn has a bad reputation. It had before I came here, and, alas! the stigma still remains."

The two other men glanced at each other, and then at me. As for myself, I was half in mind to believe that we were listening to a lunatic.

"But," said one of the men, "it seems that it is your duty, Mr. Hawley, to give the inn a new character."

"That it seems impossible to do, gentlemen. I am at my wit's ends, and were it not that I have ventured my all of property in the stand here, I should abandon it for some other enterprise."

"Have you rival innkeepers hereabouts?" I asked. "Sometimes two of a trade will play the mischief with each other."

"The nearest point for travellers to put up is Sheltonville, about three miles beyond, but they seem decently disposed people."

"I can testify to that," I warmly rejoined, "there never were better men than Craig and Barney, of the Western House."

NOT FARE.

SMART BOY READING NOTICE IN 'BUS. "All children except infants must be paid for. Sit on my knee, Tom, and be a infant and we'll save one fare."

CONDUCTOR BURSTING INTO POETRY. "One, two! won't do!"

"What is the nature of the evil report about this place?" asked the stout man, whom the host had called Briggs."

"Travellers knock for admittance—but are never known to depart, nor are heard of afterward."

"And you think it true?"

"It must be so; for the authorities took the matter in hand, and were just ready to pounce upon the lessees of the place, when they fled. Thinking it the site for growing business, I invested."

"Just so."

"And am sorry enough, I assureyou."

"How long have you been here?"

"About six months."

"Ah, well, my friend, that is not time enough to wear off the old taint and assume a new character;" hopefully returned the man who had not joined with much interest in the conversation.

"But the worst is yet to come," resumed our host, with a painful effort: "two men have mysteriously disappeared from this same inn, during the six months that I have been landlord."

Brigg's hand involuntarily sought his belt.

"Impossible!" I ejaculated, "without your cognizance."

"Yet what I tell you is true," affirmed he—while his care-worn face grew still paler.

"Give us the particulars," commanded, rather than invited Briggs."

"There are none," returned our host. "Both came in, as you have to-night, ate, smoked, and retired to their rooms. In the morning, not appearing at the proper time, they were sought for. In each case, their room was vacant, and all traces of themselves gone."

"Pooh!" said the rather taciturn man of the company, "some fellows who crept out before you were astir, to save their fee."

"I might have thought so, and been easier in my mind—but, subsequently, both had friends come to inquire for them."

"Were these two men lodged in any particular room of the house?"

"No, sir; one in one room, the other afterwards in another. In telling you this, I have relieved my mind, at least; and you can do as you please about remaining."

Whatever on other occasions we might have done, the sudden bursting of the storm against the window, decided us, and we unanimously said stay.

But I afterwards concluded that we each had a latent suspicion of the other, or we should have proposed spending the night in the strength of each other's society.

At the proper hour, each one was shown to his apartment. In my room, I found a huge walnut fire, two yards square, blazing on the enormous hearth. It was a cheerful sight, and sugestive of comfort—enough so, that while listening to the heavy autumn rain galloping up and down the roof, I was glad that I had not so far given way to my fears as to push on to Sheltonville."

"Can have more wood," suggested the servant.

"Here's enough. I never like to go to sleep with a fire of blazing brands to tumble about, and this will last until I retire."

So soon as I was alone, I sat down to think upon what the landlord had told us. I could make nothing of it. I wasn't much startled either—for one, in these later days, gets so familiarized with crime that he does not ponder upon it as once he might.

As I sat there the house grew still. One after the other of the members had gone to bed, and my fire falling down from the wide, sooty fine, still leaped spasmodically up the jambs, and finally flickered over the smutty brands without attempting to rise above the coals. I was thinking of going to bed myself, when there came a slight sound against the door. Peck, peck. It sounded more like the tap of a woodpecker than the rap of a person's knuckles. One who has followed the business of a detective, generally draws rapid conclusions from slight occurrences; therefore the sound to my mind suggested caution. I advanced softly to the door.

"Who's there?" I challenged in a loud tone.

"Let me in, Carnes," said a voice that I recognized as belonging to Briggs.

The thought flashed into my mind instantly, "Who knows but that this man is connected with the murderers?" My next thought was, "How does he know my name?" for it had not been mentioned in his presence.

"Come, open. What the deuce are you waiting for?" was the emphatic whisper.

I snapped back the bolt and admitted him.

"Look here," he immediately began, "what do you make of that fellow's story?"

"Who? the landlord?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have puzzled over it until my fire is quite gone down, and cannot get at any reasonable conclusion anyhow."

"About my predicament. I am glad that I found you up; it is hard getting a man very bright if he has had a nap."

"One thing first, Briggs. "How did you get at my name?"

"Easy enough. We knew you were coming, and took this time to see if anything could be found out about this place."

"'We knew you were coming?'" I quoted, suspiciously.

"Yes. I am a detective. It hasn't been over two months since Mr. Munsey, Land Agent, up from Detroit, disappeared hereabouts, and has not since been heard of."

"Ah! What do you think?"

"Either the landlord is very innocent, or else is very guilty," was the unsatisfactory reply. "Do you suspect him of complicity?"

"I don't. Why should he have made known the state of things if he had been connected with it?"

"I have a theory about that. For instance: he told us the story. If then in the morning you had been among the missing, it would have confirmed his statement, and might have averted suspicion. However, I believe him innocent, with a possibility of guilt."

This view was plausible.

"What do you propose?"

"Let us search the apartment, for as true as you are a living man, Carnes, I think that you are spotted. Be easy and cautious, as we may stumble upon the rat-hole at any moment."

We then carefully inspected the four walls of the room and the ceiling; tried the whole length of the door seams with our knives; stepped upon and tried to jar each separate board in quest of a trap-door. Our survey was fruitless. The small closet off the room was securely plastered, the bolts of the door were strong, the two windows could be fastened firmly. What then? We stared at each other questioningly.

"There is a mystery about this, but I am resolved to fathom it. However, we had best throw ourselves upon the bed and pretend sleep, and thus wait for results."

The wind and rain were uniting without in a clatter that was not peculiarly exhilarating to persons in our position.

We threw ourselves upon the bed, wakeful and listening. It was past midnight, and if we were to be attacked we should not have long to wait.

I thought by the sound of his breathing that Briggs slept, and drowsiness was stealing upon me when my bed-fellow suddenly flinched, and then came bolt upright, at the same instant a peculiar sound struck upon my ear.

He enjoined silence by a clutch upon my arm. I then noticed that the storm had suddenly ceased, only the wind occasionally moaned about the eaves and angles.

"There!" he whispered.

I gave him an answering grip, and we quickly and easily slid from the bed and stood upon our feet. The darkness was intense. Even the coals had ceased to wink among the brands. But this noise that had disturbed us was indescribable. It sounded somewhat like a huge fly in an empty bottle, only heavier and more muffled; but if our lives depended upon it we could not locate it. We stood perfectly still in the darkness, and I either heard Brigg's heart beat or it was my own. There is no more dreadful sensation experienced than that of listening with intensity to some frightful noise, and not being able to locate it. But with mutual instinctive understanding, we both moved forward toward the fireplace and bent towards the wide flue. The strange sounds which we had heard *were up the chimney.*

"Hug closely in behind the jamb," breathlessly whispered Briggs. "The only way that we can get a sight at them is between us and the window. Then fire, and keep before the chimney so that they cannot ascend."

This had been said in my ear, while the tack, tack of descending feet upon the pegs driven into the brick-work showed that two or more were coming down, while that whirring sound that had puzzled us all the time, and which in the proper season might be mistaken for the rumble of cone-swallows, still continued.

With a *soft tush!* stockinged feet came down upon the ashes in the fire-place. *Tush!* again. There were two, then, and in our bent position, we saw them crossing the windows.

Both of our pistols spoke at once. There was a howl, a fall, and a horrible thrashing about in the darkness.

"Get out by the door," whispered Briggs, "and rouse the landlord, while I guard the fireplace."

I got at his idea and acted immediately upon it.

Unlocking the door, I dashed down the stairway and found the landlord aroused by the shot and half-distracted. "Go to number 40 and help secure the robbers," I exclaimed and dashed for the door, by the merest providence escaping a shot from the other traveller spoken of, who, for a moment, mistook me.

"Hasten up to help Briggs; they may kill him."

I then rushed outside to the rear of the building, and mowing a swath through the darkness with my right arm I struck against a ladder, which was already trembling from the rapid descent of some one upon the top bars. The jarring ceased.

"Come down, or I will shoot you where you are," I called. "We have got the rest, and resistance is useless."

I then dodged, and *ping!* went a bullet by my head. Down came the ladder then with a jerk, and before the fellow could pick himself up from the hoist which I had given him, I was on him and had given him a rap over the ear with my pistol that for the time "rocked him to sleep."

I had him tied in a trice, and was up-stairs to find things well settled. One of the wretches had been killed by the shot; the other, making for the chimney, had been silenced by Briggs.

The landlord helped me to bring in the other chap, and then we were at liberty to discuss matters.

With my first entrance into the room I was met by a sickening odor.

"Ah, ha!" said I, "that was the game, was it?"

"Now, what is that intolerable stench?" said the landlord, raising a window. "The house has been filled with it two or three times since I have been here."

"It's chloroform."

"Yes," answered Briggs, "the fellow that we shot had it, and that is the way the victims have been silenced."

"But how removed?" asked the landlord.

"Daylight and the chimney will explain it," said Briggs.

We found it so. Nat Tyler, the former proprietor of the place, had built the house, and it had been done with an eye to this very business. The chimney was enormous, four flues merging in the one top. Down the whole length iron pegs were fastened at convenient distances, for the feet to step upon. But at the top of the chimney was the crowning villainy of workmanship. Two open iron sockets, lined with gutta percha, held a strong bar, to which a crank could be attached, and an upright wicker-work basket was hanging directly in the flue, by means of which the limp bodies of their victims were windlassed up outside, to be disposed of, they alone knew how.

There seemed to be but three scoundrels upon this occasion, and we had made sure of the whole number.

It is hardly to be wondered at that ordinary vigilance had not discovered the method by which the crimes had been committed.

As events had turned out, I was not the least bit surprised to find one of the captured ruffians was the seemingly staid old wood-chopper whom I had overtaken in the woods two or three miles back of the Red Inn.

Neither was I surprised to find among the number the young man who had misdirected me back at the Forks, sending me from the direct route to Sheltonville. Him we had shot.

As Briggs and I rode on to Sheltonville with the game which we had bagged, Mr. Hawley was on the roof of the inn knocking the bricks right and left, preparing for a new chimney, and whistling cheerfully at his labor.

Answers to Correspondents.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—A correspondent asks "If additions can be made to clubs at the same rate." Yes.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—All manuscripts sent to us should have the price marked upon them if any is desired. Writers of no literary reputation should be satisfied at first if a good field is afforded them to display their talents and gain a name. We do not guarantee the safe return of manuscript, but endeavor to return it safely when desired, and when the requisite stamps are sent. Articles may be good of their kind, and not be suitable for our purposes. Experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their articles prompt attention.

Do not write to us asking whether you shall send on your manuscripts for examination—but send them on at once.

SYDNEY writes: "I am a constant reader of your paper, and would feel under many obligations to you for answering the following questions: 1. What do you advise as the best thing for removing freckles? 2. By using glycerine on the hands and face, will it make them red, or soft, or both? 3. Is respect the latest style in folding up a letter? 4. Is it the latest style to place the postage stamp on the left hand corner of an envelope? 5. By cutting the eyebrows and lashes will it make them grow faster and longer? What is the harm in shaving at the age of sixteen, or is there any? 7. Would not shaving make the face look whiter?" To remove freckles some use, with good effect, a liniment of lime water and oil with a little ammonia. The Irish peasantry use buttermilk successfully as a cosmetic. A good wash may be made by scraping horseradish very fine, letting it steep for some hours in buttermilk, straining, and using night and morning. Glycerine has a good effect upon some skins. You can easily tell, by trying, how it will effect yours. Respectfully yours, (if that is what you mean) is commonly employed in business letters. We do not imagine that style takes any account of the manner of putting on a postage stamp. But if you wish to escape the left handed blessings of the Post Office clerks, you will place your stamp on the right hand corner. We do not suppose that cutting the eyebrows and lashes will have any material effect upon their growth. There would be no special harm in shaving at the age of sixteen, or at the age of ten, if one wishes to. Soap, however, would probably have as good an effect in cleaning the face and making it look white.

J. H. M. (Kalamazoo, Michigan,) asks: "Can you tell me how they measure horse power? I have asked a good many persons in my life, and am not much wiser for it." The rule is as follows: Multiply together the pressure in pounds on a square inch of the piston, the area of the piston in square inches, the length of the stroke in feet, and the number of strokes per minute, and divide the product by 33,000. It is usual to allow ten per cent. of the result for friction.

PAINT (Darby, Pa.) asks: "Could you please inform me where is the best place to learn Landscape Painting, and what it would cost to take lessons?" It is not in our province to give answers that would involve gratuitous advertising. There are probably many places in Philadelphia where you could obtain instruction, and by applying to any of these places you can learn all the necessary particulars.

BENTHEIM (Philadelphia) writes: "Will you please answer the following questions through your Correspondents' Column? Does an International Copyright exist between America and France? 2. When one finds 'Tous droits reservés,' or 'Droits de reproduction et traduction reservés,' on the title page of a French book, is it absolutely necessary to write to the publisher in order to get permission to translate the book? 3. Is there any way of finding whether a book (French) has been translated before or not? Please accept thanks for other information received through your column.

"And still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

Thanks for your compliment. You may congratulate yourself that we only give knowledge in fragments. Were we to pour out the full flood of our information at once you would certainly be overwhelmed. In answer to your queries we would say that there is no international copyright between this country and France. The reservation of the right of reproduction and translation applies only to France and England. Here one person has as good a right as another to attempt a translation. If it be sold here in the original tongue, you may take it for granted that there is no bar to the privilege of translation. To find out whether there has been a translation published, you would need apply to a publisher of such works.

TRACUSS (Bryan, O.) writes: "Why is the 2d of February called Ground Hog Day? What is its origin?" The 2d of February is Candlemas Day, of which it is said that if the weather is fine and windy about this time, we may look for more wintry weather to come. There is a Scotch proverb that reads:

"If Candlemas Day be dry and fair,
The half of winter's come, and mair.
If Candlemas Day be wet and foul,
The half of winter was gone at Youl."

We may supplement this by a German proverb. "The badger peeps out of his hole on Candlemas Day, and, if he finds snow, walks abroad. But if he sees the sun shining he draws back into his hole." It is probably from this idea that the custom you speak of originated, by a local substitution of Ground Hog for Badger.

D. E. L. (Princeton, Ind.,) writes: "Please favor an old subscriber and reader of your valuable paper with answers to two questions. Where can I purchase works on civil engineering suitable for a young beginner? And what is used with India rubber, and how is it moulded, for a stamp, that it may be left in its same form, soft and elastic? I have experimented with it, but find it either too hard and brittle or gummy." You can procure the works required at any of the principal book establishments. By writing, and describing the kind of books you need, any of them will be glad to accommodate you. India rubber is prepared in its common form by a process called vulcanizing. This consists simply in the combining of two or three per cent. of sulphur with the rubber. There are several modes of doing this. In one process it is done by a mechanical mixture of the two substances. Any excess of sulphur may be dissolved out by sulphate of soda. Another process is to dissolve the sulphur in oil of turpentine, in which the India rubber is afterwards dissolved. After the turpentine is evaporated the residue is vulcanised by exposure to high pressure steam of a temperature of 350° F.

P. N. (Bloomfield, Pa.), writes; "Allow me to intrude on your kindness once again. I want to get a small stationary steam engine, of about one-fifteenth or one-twentieth horse power. You will do me a favor by giving me the address of some person who keeps such engines for sale, if there are any made so small." Engines of the size you mention would be little more than toys, and machinists would scarcely build them except to order, as there could be no demand for them. But any machine shop could build you one, though it would put you to the additional expense of paying for the patterns.

J. S. A. (Castile, N. Y.,) Your MS. is respectfully declined.

R. S. (St. Augustine, Fla.,) writes: "Will you oblige by telling me the cause of the luminous appearance of the sea, which is so often seen, and which seems to me a very curious fact? By so doing you will oblige." It is produced by various causes, and assumes various forms. The most common form consists of spots or points of light, which are supposed to be emitted by a minute crustaceous animal. Another form is a soft, phosphorescent light, which only occurs when a certain soft bodied animal, called the *noctiluca*, is present. Next are moonshaped patches of constant light. These occur below the surface, mostly in the Mediterranean, and are emitted by a species of mollusco-ious animal. A fourth form consists of continually flashing points. These do not depend on the stirring up of the water by the vessel, but are seen at a distance. Their nature is not yet known, but they are probably produced, like the others, by some self-luminous animal.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

METAGRAM.

I am composed of 8 letters.

Take away my first, insert another in its place, and I am trodden under foot.

Replace, change my second, and I am a contest, or wager. Alter my third, and I am a body of water.

Entire I belong to a popular game.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

RIDDLE.

My first is in style but not in fashion,
My second is in earth but not in nation,
My third is in kettle but not in pan,
My fourth is in little but not in span,
My fifth is in a funeral but not in knell,
My sixth is in adieu but not in farewell,
My seventh is in pretty but not in paint,
My eighth is in silly but not in quaint,
My ninth is in Fundy but not in bay,
My tenth is in clover but not in hay,
My eleventh is in winter but not in cold,
My twelfth is in silver but not in gold,
My thirteenth is in wonder but not in guess,
My fourteenth is in idol but not in bless,
My whole is a "Pink of Perfection," sometimes in blue,
May its years be many and its cares be few.

WALLA.

PROBABILITY PROBLEM.

Two persons are known to have passed over the same route in opposite directions within 12 hours, the one occupying 5 hours and the other 4 hours. Required—the chance that they met. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

M'Kean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An Answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a heartless kiss like a city stage on a cold day? Because it's a 'bus with no warmth in it.

Why is dressing a fatiguing process? Because it's a-tiring (attiring, yourself. Strange that this thought so seldom occurs to the ladies?

When is a mean man not a mean man? Never.

Why are ship carpenters the most impolite of men? Because they are several days making a *bow.*

Can you spell consent in three letters? Y-e-s.

Who was the first chiropodist mentioned in English history? William the *Corn-curer.*

What State is high in the middle and round at both ends? O-hi-o.

What is the difference between a Christian and a cannibal? The one enjoys himself, and the other enjoys other people.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

RIDDLE.—Winter.

We have received a number of answers to the *Poetical Enigma* in our issue of February 10th, all of them correct. Among those answering are our old contributors, W. H. Morrow; G. W. L., Philada.; E. E. L., Baltimore, Md., etc. "The Whale that Swallowed Jonah" is the solution.

One of our subscribers sends the following Poetical Answer:

My name you much would like to know,
And how I travel to and fro,
Quite without arms or hands or feet,
And yet my form is full complete.

The place where I my revels keep,
Is 'neath the waves of Ocean deep.
A quadruped I never was,
No fish I am, nor bird with claws.

But I am of memorial kind,
And by my Maker so designed,
Who from beginning thought it best
My young to suckle at my breast.

The Soul I had was not mine own,
I saw it on the water's thrown,
So picked it up as I was bid
By Him, from whom no act is hid.

And kept it safe, three nights and days,
According to God's righteous ways.
Yes, kept that Soul till orders came,
God called me forth, aloud, by name.

And by behest did me beseech
To heave him out upon the beach,
Who, when upon the earth he trod,
Was sent to preach the word of God.

Since then it has been man's delight
To view me as an awful sight;
Who when upon the distant seas
His sails upholsted to the breeze,

Perchance doth meet me on his way,
Denotes me as his lawful prey,
Embarked six men do near me glide,
And plunge a harpoon in my side.

They risk their lives, regard no toil,
To kill me for my bones and oil.
From what I've said, you cannot fail
To know my name is "Jonah's Whale."

RECEIPTS.

VEAL MINCED.—Mince the veal as finely as possible, separating the skin, gristle and bones, with which a gravy should be made. Put a small quantity of the gravy into a stewpan, with a little lemon peal grated, and a spoonful of milk or cream; thicken it with a little butter and flour, mixed gradually with the gravy; season it with salt and a little lemon-juice and Cayenne pepper. Put in the minced veal, and let it simmer a few minutes. Serve it up with sippets of bread, and garnish with sliced lemon.

LEMON PIES.—Six lemons, six eggs, grate the rinds of two of the lemons, three large cups of powdered sugar, one cup of rich cream, a slight sprinkling of salt. Bake in a common plate, with a rich paste. Put a rim around the edge of the plate, but do not cover the pie.

SALLY LUNN.—One pint of sweet milk, butter the size of an egg, melted and stirred in the milk, a teaspoonful of salt, three well-beaten eggs, a tablespoon of brewer's yeast, and a quart of flour. Let it rise in the bake pans, bake quickly, and serve hot. If any is left, heat it over the next day.

MRS. W.'s SUPERIOR FAIRY CAKES.—One pint of water, one quart of flour, and two table-spoons of brewer's yeast; knead the dough until it cleaves from the hand, and set it in a warm place until quite light, which should be, if the yeast is perfect, within twenty minutes; when sufficiently light, mix three well-beaten eggs with a coffee-cup of good sugar, beat well until the sugar is dissolved; work into the dough half a coffee-cup of butter, and when well incorporated with the dough, add the egg and sugar, working the dough until the ingredients are mixed evenly through the whole; put it back in the pan, cover it warm, and let it rise again; when quite light, roll the dough lightly, cut the cakes with a ring-shaped jumble cutter, and fry it in hot lard a light brown; they should be used fresh; lard may be substituted in place of butter, by using a trifle less and adding a teaspoon of salt; should the yeast be very bitter, wash twice the quantity in a quart of cold water; let it settle and drain off the water, and afterward measure of the thick part of the yeast, two table-spoonfuls.